

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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No. 46.

## Around Town.

This is to be a year of investigations. Ald. Gillespie is determined to clean out our Augean stables if it takes him all winter. Those who criticize him on the ground that investigations are expensive might take a different view of it if they sat apart for a few minutes with a slate and pencil and figured out how costly and badly constructed public works become when there are no investigations and the contractors and officials have it all their own way. That there have been no absolute convictions in the past is not material. Those serving the city have been taught that the city treasury cannot be robbed with impunity, and to those who are not entirely shameless, public scorn is a severe punishment. Moreover, there is a tendency amongst business men to ostracize the boddler. Public sentiment has greatly changed in Toronto during the past few years, and the man who makes his money by questionable means, particularly the one who has embezzled or misappropriated funds, cannot fraternize with the men of the street as he once could. The hilarious spirit who has plundered the city or "done up" some institution can always find men who will help him spend his money, but even in barrooms the majority will turn their back to him, or, at least, fail to invite him to join their circle. These investigations are useful not only to punish the wrong doer, but to warn him that the Council are prepared to make it hot for him if he does not behave himself. In the past there has been too much leniency shown, and the City Fathers seemed to act on the principle that it was cheaper to be robbed than to resist. This sort of thing made robbery a favorite profession, but recent investigations are changing it all. The crooked contractor and the dishonest official must be made to move on and to move out.

Ald. Gillespie's trouble in the past has been that he has snapped too many caps, and people cease to get frightened when he pulls the trigger, never believing him to be loaded. Gaining more experience in the Council, he has, probably, become more cautious. It is to be hoped this time that his gun is loaded with something more dangerous than a spoonful of powder and a pot of mush.

Ald. Hallam is another noisy sister. If he could get into the habit of sitting on himself he would be a much more useful member of the Council.

Constable Jarvis of the "move on" incident has shown himself to be just such a man as the Rev. Mr. Wilson endeavored to prove him to be, but his conduct furnishes no excuse for the unreasonable editorials in the *Telegram* denouncing Mayor Clark as having been derelict in his duty in not having made a personal complaint against the disorderly policeman. As Police Commissioner it is Mayor Clarke's duty to support the officers of the law, until it is clearly shown they are in the wrong. He can't sit as judge, as he must as Police Commissioner, and act as prosecutor as the *Telegram* demands; and the paper mentioned does itself no credit by its jubilation over the fall of a man, even if he is only a constable.

Mercy is a quality which we prize most in a judge when appealing for his clemency. Justice Galt's sentence on the thug Buckley seems to me just a little too merciful. The majority of people think he should have been hanged.

There is no stronger argument against sensational journalism than the illustrations so frequently furnished of the contagiousness of crime. In newspaper offices, ever since I have had any connection with them, it has always been remarked that any peculiar or particularly revolting crime is almost invariably repeated or imitated. On one occasion when I assumed the night editorship of a large daily paper my first instructions from the editor and proprietor were never to publish any news concerning the burning of newspaper offices or offences against the persons or property of the proprietors or editors by people who desired to revenge themselves for real or fancied grievances. He told me that frequently he had noticed the imitation of offences of that sort and expressed the belief that the newspapers by publishing such items suggested to weak or wicked minds a means of retaliation. I cannot say that his instructions exalted my ideas of his courage but knowing him to be one of the ablest men in his profession I took some pains to watch the current of midnight news which came to me for editing, and it was really astonishing how some particular sort of crime would pass like a wave over America. Incendiarism, elopements, fiendish attacks on the person, and all sorts of things would repeat themselves night after night, and then give way to some other variety of viciousness. It seems to me the Whitechapel murders, committed with so much stealth, have found an imitator in the sender of the poisoned candles which resulted in the death of the little girl at Galt. The intention to commit a number of murders, instead of one, is quite evident, and the horror excited by the affair is intensified by the fear that revengeful or half-crazed domestics may adopt poison as a popular method of "getting even" with an unpopular mistress, or to quiet forever troublesome children. Of course newspapers would cease to be of interest or value if they did not publish the news, but it is evident that the less sensation there is in it, the better. In matured and healthy minds, the details of crime excite horror; to the morbid or un-

healthy, to those weakened by trouble or warped by the nursing of hate and the desire for revenge, the details of some horrible offence are full of suggestiveness; and as to a man standing on a high bridge or at the brink of rushing water, the case of suicide brings with it temptation never felt at other times, so a flood of criminal news seems to carry away as if by some unseen and irresistible force the weak, the vicious and the mentally unbalanced.

Clerical topics seem numerous this week, and, unfortunately, I find the Rev. T. W. Jeffery furnishing a text. I say unfortunately, because there is not a more lovable man in Toronto. He is generous, hard-working and sympathetic. There never was a time when he would not yield his last sixpence to the suffering and needy, and before now he has taken his coat off his back and given it to a man who needed it. Yet through the intrigues of a rival or the

English-speaking world, his letter bemoaning the wreck of his faith in the book of Daniel will cause genuine sorrow wherever read, for it is evidently the product of a mind diseased. Had it not come to us by cable, together with the fact that it had been published in leading London dailies, one would imagine it to be the work of a sceptical humorist, it reads so like a selection from Bill Nye. For instance, "I had risked untold consequences on the date of his composition. I had added up the time, and the times and the half-times, and made them exactly correspond with our February 31st, and by multiplying the two horns of the ram with Daniel's birthday, and adding the horn of the he-goat, that pushed the ram with the two horns, I had spelled out the name of the right Rev. Father in God, the Lord Bishop of Liverpool." This may sound a little like Dr. Wild, which might be looked upon as some proof that Dr. Parker was not mad but only endeavoring to create a sensation, but when

majority of mankind dying in unrepentant sin were tortured with inconceivable agonies and material flames in endless millenniums of vengeance." We know, too, that he speaks the truth when he says, "At first, day after day and week after week, the most unsparing anathemas were heaped upon me, but now the old doctrine in its naked horror is practically dead." That he is supported in his belief in a future which shall not be one of eternal retribution by many old fathers cannot be denied, and that the best religious thought in the extremely orthodox Anglican Church endorses his position is shown by the fact that in the same Congress Canon Luckock argued that there is an intermediate state after death where the heathen and ignorant are educated. Again the Rev. Sir George W. Cox was equally strong in his repudiation of the doctrines of eternal punishment, and also quoted largely from the fathers, remarking that "the more we rose to the faith of

other pursuits. Nor is it necessary that the Christian church should be supported by fear. In the Dark Ages fear of the Inquisition and the tortures of the stake were thought necessary to prevent heresy. That idea was long ago abandoned to the great benefit of true religion. An absorbing and overwhelming fear is the shroud of happiness and the sepulchre of love. The old-fashioned teaching of fire and brimstone is being replaced by the message of love, and the dark picture in which the smoke of the pit was the awful background is succeeded by glimpses of glory and beatific visions of happiness. The sound of the roaring of the awful furnace into which the wicked were cast is dying away amidst the songs of praise and joy, and who can say that the world is worse, that lives are less beautiful, that homes are not purer and happier, that souls are not more exalted than in those days when the progress of the Christian was depicted as a wild flight from the wrath to come, rather than a journey to a joyful reward. Is not the picture of a Christian leaning on the arm of a loving Saviour more beautiful, attractive and consistent with the idea of our creation, preservation and the wonderful sacrifice for our salvation than that of frightened fugitive in despairing flight before the old-fashioned Satan, his panting heart almost breaking for fear that when he reaches the City of Refuge he may not be one of the elect or may have fallen short in some point of doctrine? Canon Farrar has done much to exalt modern ideas of the Deity, and it cannot be said that his teaching has made sin less awful or led people to believe that its consequences are not inevitable.

In Montreal Protestantism is receiving an awakening, and the Ministerial Association is taking steps to find out why the majority of people stay away from church. The city has been divided into districts and visiting committees formed to make enquiries from door to door with a view of eliciting the sectarian preferences of each family and to invite them to the various places of worship. Toronto is a city of church-goers, but there are thousands here who habitually stay away. How much effort is being made by others than the Salvation Army to induce them to attend divine service? Is it not time some organized effort was made?

In Scotland I notice from the following paragraph clipped from *Labouchere's Truth* that a vigorous revivalist has arisen who evidently does not spare his adjectives in endeavoring to arouse his church to activity. His name is Rev. John Robertson of Stonehaven, and he preached an "awakening" sermon at that place which has excited a considerable amount of attention in Scotland. He defined the "rock ahead" of the Free Church as "an anti-evangelical spirit—sly, sleeky and slimy;" and he fears that "if our ministers were to become insurance agents for eternal life they would not wax fat on the premiums they would dare to issue." Moderation is "a wizened, blasted thing"; and the two hereditary diseases which run in the veins of the "Scottish descendant of the King of the Mountain Mist" are, it seems, "whisky and moderation." Scotland, indeed, is "a drunken ditch, and Jesus Christ himself would no more be a moderate drinker in Scotland to-day than he would be a moderate cannibal chewing his brother's flesh in the island of Fiji." Mr. Robertson declares that the "born communicant" is too often "the robber of God's heritage, the filcher of Judah's message, the doomed and deluded garroter of Christ's holy covenant, the unconverted, unsaved believer, the kirk-going child of the devil," and with the assurance that "Night is fallen, dark, dense, starless, eternal—for ever and for ever night," Mr. Robertson dismissed the congregation to their Sabbath dinners with such appetites as they might carry away after so exciting an exhortation.

DON.

## Distinguished People Series—No. 4

MISS JULIA NEILSON.

The subject of our frontpiece for this week is Miss Julia Neilson, an English actress of great promise, whose first appearance at the beginning of the last London season aroused the enthusiasm of the critics. Her appearance on this occasion was in the character of Cynisea, from Gilbert's *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*. Miss Neilson is tall and graceful, with a fine stage face, and possesses a most musical voice. She has had the advantage of being specially trained for a musical career, and, after the encouragement she has received at the Lyceum, will, no doubt, rapidly win her way to the front, in the profession she has so happily chosen.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that; for it is true we have given advice, but we cannot give conduct. Remember this, that they that will not be counselled cannot be helped. If you don't hear reason she will rap your knuckles.—*Franklin*.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our lives.

When you go home, fill the house with joy so that the light of it will stream out of the windows and doors, and illuminate even the darkness.

He who, meeting a pleasant temptation, stops to shake hands with it, will generally end by going with it wherever it chooses to lead him.



MISS JULIA NEILSON.

machinations of men who are unworthy to lace his boots that he should be slandered and criticized is a sorrow to all those who know and love him. His reputation, however, is not such as can be blasted by a breath of scandal. His popularity has never been due to the cultivation of Mother Grundy's good nature. That he will come out unblemished and live to see his accusers humiliated I have no doubt. I say this, not because I believe he is perfect, far from it. His impulsive nature is such that it makes most apparent his manly weaknesses. But bless us all, aren't they such as rather endear him to us? Brother Jeffery can feel sure that he is one of the few clergymen in Toronto that even the sinner will not seek cause to scoff at and no one will believe him guilty of any serious transgression until it is proven.

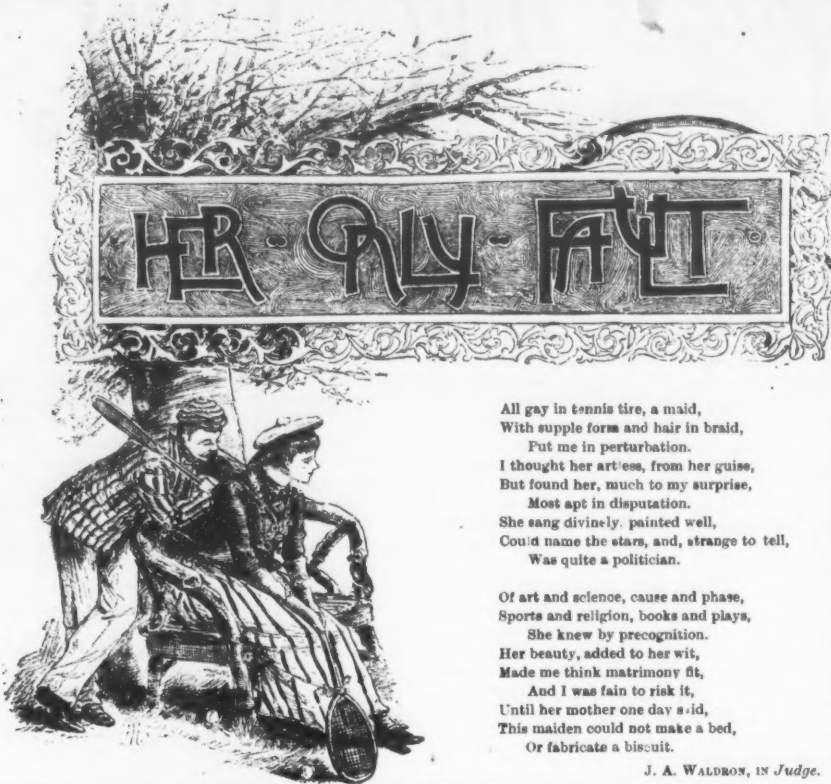
To those who appreciate the greatness of the Rev. Dr. Parker, the great London preacher whose fame has reached every portion of the

he follows it by a very ancient joke about being "found by two policemen who had never found anything else," he returns to the style of the Yankee newspaper humorist. What a pitiable thing it is to see a great intellect shattered and a great career brought to a woeful close in this way! How much kinder Providence seems to the great man who, like Beecher, dies in the fullness of his strength, than to the Rev. Dr. Parker, whose fate has been what Beecher feared—that the "tree might first die at the top," and stand a shattered monument of what once had been its beauty and glory.

Religious and thoughtful society in Great Britain has been considerably excited by Canon Farrar's reiteration, at the Church Congress at Manchester, of his "disbelief in the old-fashioned notions of future punishment." We all remember the profound sensation he caused some years ago when he first repudiated the "lake of fire and brimstone, where the vast

these great Christian thinkers and teachers the less we shall care for dramatic pictures of the great white throne with angels marshalling mankind to the great assize." That the old prejudice still lingers, was illustrated by the hisses heard in the hall when he referred to the "tyranny of sacred books" and expressed doubts as to the authenticity of some portions of the New Testament. That mankind in general do not believe in eternal tortures of the pit "whose smoke ascendeth forever and ever," "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched" is amply proven by the lethargy of Christians and the comfortable apathy of the sinner. While we may subscribe to creeds which include the doctrine Canon Farrar repudiates our lives do not show the sincerity of our profession. If we really believed in the awful future which in our earlier days was so graphically depicted at camp-meetings and revival services, our whole lives would be a never-ceasing struggle to escape such a terrible fate, and we could have no thought for





All gay in tennis tie, a maid,  
With supple form and hair in braid,  
Put me in perturbation.  
I thought her artless, from her guise,  
But found her, much to my surprise,  
Most apt in disputation.  
She sang divinely, painted well,  
Could name the stars, and, strange to tell,  
Was quite a politician.

Of art and science, cause and phase,  
Sports and religion, books and plays,  
She knew by pre-cognition.  
Her beauty, added to her wit,  
Made me think matrimony fit,  
And I was fain to risk it,  
Until her mother one day said,  
This maiden could not make a bed,  
Or fabricate a biscuit.

J. A. WALDRON, IN JUDGE.

### Society.

The Fall meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club brought out a goodly array of the beauty and fashion of Toronto last Saturday afternoon. Of course it was not to be expected that the large number of fashionables who adorn the grand stand on May 24 and Dominion Day would be visible at the Fall meeting.

There were five fixtures on the programmes for the afternoon, the particulars of which have already been given in the daily papers. The unfortunate death of Trustee at the last hurdle in the open steeplechase handicap was a matter of regret to all, and much sympathy was expressed for the chestnut's owner, Dr. Moorhouse.

I think nearly all the officers of the club were present, at any rate I saw Mr. Wm. Hendrie, the President; Vice Presidents Hon. Frank Smith and Mr. T. C. Patterson; Dr. Smith and Messrs. Harton Walker, Lyndhurst Ogden, C. T. Mead, J. H. Mead, C. Brown, Wm. Christie and Major Dickson.

Amongst those on the grand stand and in the enclosure were Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. Walter Dickson, Miss Gardener, Mrs. Carruthers, Mrs. McFarlane, Miss McFarlane, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Mrs. Wm. Ryan, Mrs. Austin Smith, Miss Ryan of Brockville, Miss Milligan, Miss Mary Milligan, Miss Smith, and Messrs. Rolly Moffatt, G. W. Beardmore, Alfred Beardmore, Walter D. Beardmore, Dr. Campbell, A. E. Denison, E. W. Sandys, Richard Lee, C. J. Smith, Walter S. Lee, Jack Murray, Wm. Pettley, Harry Piper, A. G. Brown, A. H. Collins, W. S. Dickey, Wm. Spratt, Austin Smith, Hugh Ryan, Jack Macdonald, Robert Myles, Major Harrison, Alex. Gordon of Ottawa, F. G. Cox, W. Kiely, G. W. Kiely, George Kiely, Dundas Mossom, Dr. Strange, Dugald McMurchy, Wm. Hendrie, Jr., Percy Rutherford, J. M. McFarlane and Frank McPhillips.

The autumn air is vocal with the sound of wedding bells. The latest one I have to record is the Smith-Nichol wedding which took place at St. Basil's Church last Tuesday morning. The contracting parties were Mr. Charles Smith, youngest son of the late Ald. Smith, and Miss Kate Isabelle Nichol, daughter of Mr. J. J. Nichol of 483 Sherbourne street. The hour fixed for the ceremony was 9 o'clock, but it was fully half an hour later when the spectators in the pews at St. Basil's caught their first glimpse of the bride and groom as they passed up the aisle escorted by the ushers. The first bridesmaid, Miss Jennie Smith, a sister of the groom, whose dress of white faille francaise was most becoming, wore natural flowers in her hair, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Her handsome diamond brooch was the gift of the groom, as were each of those worn by the other bridesmaids. The second bridesmaid, Miss Cooper of Rochester, N. Y., was very much admired. Her gown was similar to that of Miss Jennie Smith with the exception of the trimming, which in Miss Cooper's case, if my memory fails me not, was white velvet and duchess point lace.

The three remaining bridesmaids were the youthful nieces of the groom, Miss Maggie Boeckh, Miss Lulu Smith and Miss Maggie Murdoch.

Following closely after the bridesmaids came the cynosure of all eyes—the bride, leaning on the arm of her father—and charming, indeed, did she look in her bridal veil and wreath of orange blossoms. Her dress was a marvel of the costumer's art and a perfect dream of bewilderment to the ignorance of a masculine pen. I think her bouquet was of white roses, and I am almost sure some in the pews whispered that her diamond ornaments were the gift of the groom.

At the altar the groom was in waiting, supported by his groomsmen, Mr. Geo. J. Nichol, of New York, a brother of the bride, and his brother, Mr. E. J. Smith.

The marriage itself was characterized by all that beauty of ritual which the Catholic Church lends to all her ceremonies. Very Reverend Father Vincent officiating, assisted by Reverend Father Brennan.

A nuptial mass was celebrated immediately after the wedding, the choir being under the direction of Rev. Father Chalandard—Rev. Father Murray presiding at the organ. Mrs. T. A. Hodgson of Ottawa sang Nicholas' Ave Maria with exquisite taste, and Mr. J. F. Kirk

gave an admirable rendering of the Lauda Sion and Millard's Veni Creator.

From St. Basil's the wedding party drove to 483 Sherbourne street, where a *dejeuner* was served by Webb. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Nichol, Mrs. Smith, Miss Smith, Miss Maude Smith, Miss Maggie Smith, Mr. E. C. Boeckh, Mrs. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Smith, Mr. W. Cooper and Mr. George Cooper of Medina and Mr. E. Cooper of Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith left town by the 12.20 train for a tour through the Eastern States.

Tuesday, October 23, will be a day long to be remembered by many a charming *debutante*, for on the evening of that day society will flock to Rosedale to be present at a ball at Dr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith's house, Summerhill, and this ball will be the first of the Toronto season of 1888-89. A recollection of two or three similar entertainments at this house in recent years, assures me that Dr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith's dance will be in all ways worthy of its important place as the opening of the season. It is quite certain that it will be much looked forward to and greatly enjoyed, for people will come fresh to the pleasures of the ballroom after months of absence. That which is first is generally best, the first valse and the first polka just as much as the first kiss and the first baby.

Mr. Justice Osler and Mrs. Osler gave an At Home at their house, 34 Avenue street, last Monday. Although not so large, it was as pleasant as its forerunners recorded in my last Saturday's social budget.

Too late for more than mere mention this week, Mr. Stephen Jarvis of Beverley street gave an At Home on Thursday last.

The audiences which Miss Rosina Vokes drew to the Grand Opera House at the close of last week were larger and quite as fashionable as on the earlier evenings. On Saturday night the new piece, *Tears*, adapted from the French by Mr. Clay, did not prove quite as successful as had been expected, though it afforded Miss Helen Darce a better opportunity than she had during the week, and showed her beauty to great advantage in a simple white dress which I preferred to her magnificent yellow gown in *The Rough Diamond*.

The most noticeable feature of the bright, fascinating Pantomime Rehearsal was the immense improvement of Mr. Morton Selton in the part of Captain Tom Robinson. So excellent was Mr. Selton that one ceased to regret Mr. Brandon Thomas, unless it was that one wished Mr. Selton his equal in height. Whenever Captain Tom opened his mouth the audience shrieked. In the boxes were Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Boulton, Mr. John Morrow, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Percy Goldringham, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson and others.

Mr. G. Mercer Adam, accompanied by Mr. Ernest Andrews of the Ontario Bank, left town on Tuesday for a week's holiday in the Muskoka and Magnetawan country. Mr. Andrews will go in for duck shooting, whilst Mr. Adam will, in all probability, add something to the literary sketches of Muskoka.

Miss Lily Mitchell of St. Thomas, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Mason of Jarvis street, returns home to-day.

Mr. Adam Hudspeth, Q.C., M.P., was in town last Tuesday.

I have a suggestion to make to hostesses, and especially to those who are intending to give afternoon At Homes during the coming season, and who desire to offer their guests some amusement other than the invariable tea and talk. Other hostesses there are to whom my suggestion may be useful; I mean those who disliking the trouble of taking up their carpets and turning their whole house upside down for a dance, wish to give an evening party of the kind called "musical," but are appalled at the woefully small number of musicians, in any sense of the word, whom they can count amongst their guests. It seems odd that a custom which is so common in almost all other countries, I mean the custom of engaging professional artists for afternoon and evening gatherings of the above kind, is so little in vogue in Toronto as to be almost unknown. And yet there are few places where one would suppose that society would be less likely to dispense with the aid of professional musicians or elocutionists at their entertainments, for

the reason that hardly anywhere in a society so large as that of Toronto, can there be such a complete dearth of amateur talent, not only in music, but in any of the arts which are exercised for the pleasure of audiences. I don't think I am below the mark when I say that on the fingers of both hands one can count not only those ladies and gentlemen who can and will sing a song in semi-public, but also even those who are sufficiently good pianists to be able to sit down and play for the entertainment of their own or their friends' guests. This fact is as lamentable as it is surprising, and on account of it many an At Home is songless, while very few hostesses dare to attempt a musical party. On the other hand, we have here several professional musicians of considerable merit, and it has always been a surprise to me that hosts and hostesses should demand their services so seldom.

As regards elocution and the use of this art for the purpose of entertaining, I think my readers will agree with me that it is a great blessing that amateur aspirants for its honors are so very few here as to be almost nil.

Mrs. George Blackstock's recitations were always delightful in their way, and when this talented lady returns to town, amateur talent will have regained a very great star, for her playing is equal to her reciting. One gentleman there is, a clergyman, and who lives not a hundred miles from Trinity College, whose comic recitations are a very rare treat. But these are exceptions, in nine cases out of ten an amateur recitation is a painful and a fearful thing.

Miss Maude Rutherford returned home Wednesday night after a three months' trip to Kingston, Montreal, etc.

The engagement of Miss M. Milligan to Mr. J. Fraser Macdonald, son of Hon. John Macdonald, is announced.

The Misses Homer Dixon, who have spent the last two years in Europe, are at present staying at the Grange, pending alterations which are being done at Holmwood. In honor of these ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith gave a large dinner party on Tuesday. There was a dance after dinner, none the less pleasant in that it was impromptu, small and early.

The ball is to be kept rolling at the end of the month, for cards of invitation have been sent out in the names of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt and Mr. Oliver Howland for a dance at Shrewsbury Lodge, Sir William Howland's residence on Simcoe street, on the 26th. It is some years since there has been a ball at this popular mansion, although early last winter and in honor of their artistic guests Mr. and Mrs. Merritt gave a large musical party.

The two dances to take place in the week beginning Sunday, October 21, will make that week the commencement of the season. Prophets of evil there are who declare that the coming winter will not be as brilliant as the last, and it is true that there will be a considerable number of absentees who can ill be spared; but in spite of all this, in an experience which dates back a considerable number of years, I have never known an October when similar croakings were not heard, while if report does not err, and if several dances which are already being discussed really follow close on the heels of the two I have announced, the curtain will rise on October 23 for an eminently sparkling first act of the season's comedy.

I wonder whether any of the ladies or gentlemen who performed the minuet at the Art Fair last spring witnessed Miss Rosina Vokes' fascinating dance in *The Rough Diamond*? If so, the sight must have given them food for thought. And, speaking of the Art Fair's minuet, I am reminded that Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon are leaving Government House, for the present at any rate, and have taken a house on Sherbourne street for the winter.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a son of the Duke of Leinster, was in town this week. Lord Edward spent some weeks here two winters ago and made many friends whose acquaintance he has returned to renew.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood of London, England, are the guests of Mrs. Cumberland on College avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham of Liverpool, England, who once resided here, are in town, and if one to suit them can be found will take a house for a year. That their quest may be successful is the earnest hope of many former friends and acquaintances.

Capt. Gamble Geddes and Mr. Fox are among those gentlemen who left yesterday for Orillia to join Mr. Edin Heward's deer shooting party on the shores of the Georgian Bay. Ladies are to accompany the expedition, and guides, beaters, cooks, tent-bearers have been provided on a large scale.

Sir David Macpherson has returned from Montreal, and reached Chestnut Park in time for a dinner party on Thursday evening.

Captain Bagshot, Lord Stanley's A. D. C., has been in town this week. The interminable addresses which marked the Governor-General's visit to Toronto the other day, gave society little chance of making acquaintance either with him or with his suite. If the report of his popularity at Quebec and elsewhere which has reached me here, be true, his welcome on his next visit will be as warm as Lord Lansdowne's used to be, and perhaps even more so.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout have taken possession of their house in Rosedale. The place is well-known as having long been tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie.

Every time I revisit the Grand Opera House I am unpleasantly reminded that the management have not seen the force of my suggestion last year, and have not yet provided a decent room for that necessity to so many of their patrons' enjoyment—the cigarette between the acts. The ladies' dressing-room seems to be as little used as ever, while poor smokers in the hall suffer from the draughts of that airy place

as they have always done. I would also suggest the propriety of keeping opera glasses for loan or hire to theater-goers. Many people come so seldom to the play as not to keep glasses of their own, and many more, of whom I am one, are so forgetful as generally to leave theirs at home.

Miss Campbell of Carbrooke returned this week to Longuissa, where a deer-hunt is being organized but not so large or so formidable as the one I spoke of above.

Miss Robinson has gone to Orillia to stay with Mrs. Stephen Heward at Edinwood.

Mr. James Hendrie of Hamilton was in town this week.

Mrs. Nordheimer is at home this afternoon to the Colonel and officers of the Royal Grenadiers. Many civilians have been also bidden to meet the Grenadiers, and a number of society folks will make their way to Glenedith to-day.

On Tuesday morning a very fashionable wedding was celebrated in St. George's Cathedral at Kingston. The charming bride is one so well known and admired in Toronto that I have only to mention Miss Maud Gildersleeve's name in order to excite the interest of many a Torontonian who admired her so much during the holding of the Art Fair in the Granite Rink.

Captain Rivers of "A" Battery, the groom, was in full dress uniform, and was assisted by Major Wilson and Messrs. A. J. Sinclair, H. H. Gildersleeve (brother of the bride) and W. H. Macnee.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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## A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farming Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

## CHAPTER III.

IN MOURNING BUT NOT IN DESPAIR.

"Order the carriage, Dell, and take Jack out for a drive. I shall go crazy if I see you two moping about another minute. Dear knows, I have enough to bear without seeing you lead me in around the house whispering and crying together as if you were the only ones who feel bad because poor John is—"

At this point Mrs. King burst into tears, as she had done half-a-dozen times since she had been conveyed to her room in a half-fainting condition the day before, after she had taken the last look at her dead husband. She had scarcely left it since, and no doubt believed herself to be sorely stricken with grief, but twice when little Jack had crept into her room he found her sleeping. When she was telling Dell she had not slept a wink all night and was afraid she would go mad with grief, she could not understand the queer look in her little son's eyes; probably had she been able to interpret it she might have realized as he did, that she was indulging her inclination for corsetless and half-buttoned dressing gowns and unkempt hair rather than her sorrow.

"I am sorry, Madge, if I have been disturbing you. I was trying to quiet Jack, he is feeling so badly, poor little fellow, and insists on going from one room to another and talking about his papa and continually pointing out where he used to sit and what he said to him and how he looked—"

"How can you talk to me in that thoughtless way, Dell, as if I did not feel it a thousand times worse than Jack's death?" sobbed Mrs. King, burying her face in the pillow.

"Madge, dear, you are unreasonable. I had no such meaning. I know you are suffering. How could it be otherwise? But Jack is such a little fellow and appreciates his loss so keenly that it is heart-breaking to hear him talk."

"It is because you encourage him in it! What can a ten-year-old boy understand about death? You humiliate him and put such notions in his head that he thinks he ought to take on like a grown person. He never acts that way when he is with me."

"You do Jack an injustice," retorted Miss Browning, much more sharply than was her wont. "He is not only too young, but too sincere to be suspected of affectation. Last night I looked in his room after everyone in the house was asleep, and found he had moved his bed to the window so that he could see out. There the poor little fellow lay with his eyes wide open, looking up at the skies. I went in and sat beside him, and he held my hand till nearly daylight, when he dropped asleep. He asked me if I thought his papa could see him and know that his little Jack was thinking about him."

Tears filled the mother's eyes as she listened, but a pang of jealousy brought back her querulous mood.

"You are thoroughly spoiling him, Dell," she complained, and then as if to excuse her neglect in not seeking to comfort him she added, "Why didn't he come to me? I thought he was asleep, or I would have gone to his room myself."

"He did come to you, Madge, but he said you were asleep and he didn't like to wake you," answered Dell, who in her eager defence of Jack felt justified in permitting her friend to know how much of the sleepless-night's fiction she had believed. Mrs. King's face flushed as she answered, "He must have been mistaken. I am positive I didn't close my eyes all night. Take him out for a drive, and tell the cook that Mr. Tully and Mr. Stryde will be here for dinner."

After Miss Browning had gone, Mrs. King busied herself with her toilet. She was a handsome woman of the full-blooded blonde type, and the thirty-five years through which she had idled left her almost as youthful in appearance as when, twelve years ago, she became the wife of a man nearly twice her age. She had a look of smiling innocence which increased her girlish appearance, and this with a happy knack—when she thought it worth while—of making people feel at ease, made her very popular with the younger members of the circle in which she moved. Dell Browning was only sixteen when, twenty years before, the death of her father, who had been John King's bosom friend, she had come to live with her guardian, yet but few, unaware of the existence of Jack, would have guessed that there was such a difference in the ages of the two women. Miss Browning's imperturbable self-possession and quiet dignity gave her an appearance of maturity, while her wealth and social position, coupled with the nameless charm which belongs to the woman who, from childhood, has been assured that the world will hasten to give her a cordial reception, lent her an air of aristocratic hauteur, to which her companions showed unquestioning deference. Mrs. King knew herself to be somewhat weak and, while recognizing Miss Browning's strength, felt irritated by the comparison. In the King household Miss Browning was the established authority on everything before she had been domiciled therein a fortnight. The cook looked to her for instructions, and the coachman often glanced at Miss Browning for a suggestion when Mrs. King was giving her orders. Jack had at once instituted an ardent friendship with the new arrival, and the head of the house, the stern, great-hearted John King, who had placed everything at the disposal of his friend's daughter, learned to talk to her of matters which he never thought of mentioning to his wife, and found in her advice and companionship a pleasure which in his home life he had heretofore been denied him. Nothing could surpass Mrs. King's tact and she seemed invariably at ease; yet it was always a comforting thing for her to know that Dell Browning thought. Many a pang of jealousy had been excited by Dell's unsought supremacy, but her presence made her life considerably easier, and anything that lifted a care from her mind was welcomed by the easy-going woman who neither delighted to remain up very late at night nor to rise very early in the morning, nor to spend her waking hours in planning for the morrow. She had sometimes ventured to complain to her husband that he paid more respect to his ward than he did to his wife, but she never cared to repeat the experiment. John King had been an indulgent husband, but sometimes a very candid one.

"Mrs. Flambert, ma'am," announced the maid, as Mrs. King was putting the finishing touches to her toilet.

The greeting in the reception room was extremely effusive. Mrs. Flambert embraced Mrs. King, and Mrs. King wept; and then Mrs. Flambert took Mrs. King's hand and murmured words of comfort which were so

effective that Mrs. Flambert was encouraged, whispered a few more sad but congratulatory sentences with regard to the immensity of the funeral and the evidences of the late Mr. King's popularity, and assurances with regard to his spiritual safety.

After a few further tears on Mrs. King's part Mrs. Flambert felt justified in referring to the circumstances which should partially assuage the widow's grief. She had been left comfortably provided for, which of course made the bereavement much less terrible than if she had been left in want.

Mrs. King could not but admit the force of this statement, and later on confessed that she did not feel quite as bad in her loneliness as if she had been left with a large family on her hands. Before she left, with an arch smile full of insincerity and false teeth, Mrs. Flambert had intimated that Mrs. King's life and perhaps happiness were still in the future rather than in the past.

Mrs. King had assured Mrs. Flambert that she never expected to smile again, though this forecast lost much of its meaning when Mrs. King, in an unguarded moment received with a surprised smile Mrs. Flambert's confidential communication of her friend Mrs. Holly's prediction, that the firm of King & Tully would never be dissolved.

"How could that woman say such a thing, I am old enough to be Steve Tully's mother," exclaimed Mrs. King, with an affection of astonishment and disgust.

"Now Madge, you know better. A woman is only as old as she looks, and you don't look a day over twenty; besides, Mr. Tully must be fully as old as you are by the almanac."

Mrs. Flambert was a dark woman, tall, large, and exceedingly unconventional in her ways. She had met Mr. Flambert, who had formerly driven a dray, though as a railway contractor he had since made a large amount of money.

"I don't thank Mrs. Holly for suggesting the possibility of my marrying again," sighed Mrs. King. "I loved poor John too well ever to untrue to his memory, and even if it were not for that, I could never think of giving Jack a step-father."

Thereupon Mrs. King's tears welled forth afresh.

Mrs. Flambert embraced her and said farewell.

CHAPTER IV.

INTRODUCES MR. JAMES J. KILLICK, BARRISTER.

The offices were large, dingy and comfortable as well as capricious. Partitions of pine board painted a light drab divided the rooms of Mr. Killick and his chief clerk from the apartment in which the underlings were at work at rickety and ink-stained tables. Mr. Stephen Tully, faultlessly attired and with a bouquet in his button-hole, gave each one a cheerful good-morning before he knocked at the door on which was a little tin sign, "Mr. Killick, private."

The man who looked up from his work as Mr. Tully entered would have recognized the confidence of any passable judge of human nature. Physiognomists believe that when a rascal is born his Creator stamps his character on his face that no one need be misled. They could not have found a better example of, or a greater necessity for such precaution than in the case of Mr. James J. Killick, yet he had succeeded in ingratiating himself in the favor of moral and religious societies which had they known his true character would have expelled him with the utmost loathing. His square forehead was supported by a large square nose, half Roman, half Jewish, with a hump on a level with the lower line of his eyes, which made him look as if, when he was put together, it had been a question which end of the nose was intended for the upper elevation. His hair was grizzled gray, was sandy and bristling, and his grizzled eye brows sparse and straggling. But it was in his light eyes and the large mouth with its hyena like smile, that the danger signals were chiefly located. The warts on his nose, on the side of his face and the back of his neck, were not pretty, but they were heavy spots in comparison with his mouth. If a man who knew the a, b, c's of character reading followed his instinct, the moment he saw the face of J. J. Killick, he would turn on his heel and leave the office, but if he remained the lawyer's insinuating acquiescence, well placed compliments and thorough understanding of the questions before him, would invite confidence and excite respect if not admiration. James Joseph Killick was a clever man.

"Ah, Mr. Tully, delighted to see you. Hope you are feeling as well as you look, my dear fellow. Come into my private room," exclaimed Mr. Killick as he turned the key in the lock, grasped Tully's hand and led him to the large vault door, which when opened disclosed the fact that the rear wall had been cut through and the aperture led into a private apartment which had no connection with the other offices, and where the fear of eavesdroppers need not disturb the most confidential interview.

The luxuriance of the private room contrasted strangely with the shabby office in which the clerks were at work. Heavy portieres hung over the door and crimson plush covered the couch and easy chairs. A cabinet and sideboard suggested creature comforts which the temperance reformer was generally considered to despise, and the pictures on the wall were certainly not of the class of which J. J. Killick was supposed to be fond. A peculiar feature of the room was displayed when the curtain at the entrance was pushed back to admit them; there was no casing round the door, the brick wall apparently having been broken through and left unfinished.

Stephen Tully glanced curiously at the aperture and Mr. Killick explained: "This room belonged to Theodore Kahn, the diamond dealer, who defrauded the banks and forged a deal of paper last year. You remember I managed the case against him, and one day he came into my office to see if he could settle with my clients, and saw the vault that we came through and guessed I kept my papers there—in fact saw me take some of them from there. Next night he and a friend broke through the wall and abstracted every scrap of evidence I had against him, and then disappeared. No. There was nothing in

the papers about it; no use, you know, telling the police everything. He took possession of his stuff, and now he has the vault over there where he was supposed to have stored his diamonds."

Stephen Tully glanced somewhat incredulously at Mr. Killick. The abandonment of the prosecution of Kahn had been much talked about, and some of the more cynical of the proper respect now that none but J. J. Killick could explain the mystery. Tully felt sure the explanation he had just heard was not the whole truth nor necessarily a part of it, but he made no remark. He was puzzled to know why he had been shown so much, for Killick was not given to these confidential outbursts. Nor was it probable that many people were admitted to this singular apartment.

"These are a few papers, Mr. Henn, the broker gave me the other day," continued Mr. Killick, taking a large envelope from the vault. "They show that you are indebted to him to the amount of ninety odd thousand dollars. He is willing to make a cash payment, and as you are now in a much improved position I thought I would be neglecting my client's interest if I did not talk the matter over with you."

"That deal was settled six months ago," gasped Tully, his face whitening; "you know to what lengths I went to get the cash. Why is it resuscitated now?"

"Well, you see Henn thought he was getting all he ever would, but since King died he feels you are in altogether a different shape and should settle the balance."

"But I hold his discharge of the liability," interjected Tully, who, nevertheless, felt that the rope was well fixed about his neck, or Killick would not venture to confront him with the papers.

"No doubt you had a discharge, but it is not wide enough to cover everything—particularly the deals you have been in since, so he thinks he had better sue for all the amounts together, and you can put in your receipt as a contra."

James Killick's face and smile were never larger nor more carnisarous than then. His protuberant eyes were fastened on Tully's face as he gently smoothed out the papers with his hairy hand.

"I can see your scheme, Killick, and know I might as well leave town as stand the publicity of a suit," snapped Tully, bitterly. "A man might as well hang himself to Satan with one rather than get into your clutches, and I tell you now that you can go ahead and go to the devil. I'm pumped dry and won't try to raise another cent."

"Don't get excited, and particularly don't become profane, for I dislike violent language, and an acting in this matter as you say 'devil' is sheer nonsense. Last night's legal adviser," J. J. Killick was blander than ever, and the movement of his hand in smoothing out the papers had become almost caressing.

"Don't give me any guff, Killick; it sickens me. If you have a proposal to make, make it, and let me go!"

"I am sorry," said Mr. Killick reprovingly, "avoid the use of slang, it weakens your address, and, worse still, it suggests improper acquaintances. You laugh! Don't do it in that tone, it betrays your uneasiness."

"Let up, Killick, on your lecture and on that grin of yours. If my laugh betrays my discomfort your smile suggests a damnable desire to fasten your teeth on me. Go on with your proposition, but don't fancy I'm frightened of you; I'm more than half-tired of trying to be respectable, and if you push this thing I'm going to quit."

Stephen Tully was no coward, and as he spoke he rose from his chair and stretched himself with a yawn, which plainly intimated that his patience was nearly exhausted. The sideboard caught his eye, and he stooped and opened the polished door. Well filled decanters and cut glass goblets were at his hand, and with an ironically elaborate bow he filled a glass, and as he inhaled the bouquet of the brandy he expressed the opinion that brother Killick's co-workers in the temperance cause were probably never invited to this sanctum sanctorum.

"The sideboard is just as Kahn left it," answered Killick sharply.

"Make your story short, old man," cautioned Tully, smacking his lips incredulously and feeling the advantage of having Killick on the defensive. "Or Kahn's brandy won't last till we're through."

"What I propose is this," said Killick, wisely deciding to get down to business before the brandy got into Tully's head—"and remember I am acting as a friend in this matter. As a one who believes in your ability, and that you will have a bright future if proper restraints are thrown around you. I am willing to accept your note for twenty thousand dollars, and pay that amount to Henn as a full settlement of his claim and enter into a partnership with you on even terms which will enable you to live well and return me the loan inside a couple of years. What do you say?"

"I say you are a damned old scoundrel, and decline to accept," retorted Tully, burying his nose deep in his pockets. "Now what are you going to do about it?"

"Don't be rash, Tully," argued Killick. "I can bring as much business into the partnership as you have, and quite as much ability. Why do you object?"

"Because I know that Henn will take less than half your asset for his note, which didn't cost him a cent, and because I don't propose to let you lead me around by a halter."

"Lead you around with a halter?" echoed Killick. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that you have something behind this; you would not be anxious, crooked as you are, to have for a partner a man who has embezzled the trust funds of a client, if you had not a sinister purpose. You want me to do your dirty work, James Judas Killick, and I won't," vociferated Tully, striking the table violently.

"If I have made a couple of mistakes I intend to make no more, even if I have to leave Toronto and start afresh."

"You make my meaning, Tully,"—interposed Killick earnestly, "that I have a purpose in wanting to go into partnership with you I do not deny, but it is not directed against you or your interests. King had some clients—rich clients whom for years I confess I have been trying to get and have been on the verge of getting; if we go into business together I feel sure that half your asset will be worth as much as the other half. There are two or three corporations which King had, worth five thousand a year each if they were handled as I could handle them, and last of all there is an estate which, if I can get, will make more difference to me than all the rest put together. I don't care if you never do a tap of work for the firm, I am willing to go halves with you for ten years if you will throw in your office's business with mine. Don't be hasty, Tully, it will mean twelve or fifteen thousand a year to you and no responsibility. What say you?"

The earnestness and evident sincerity of the wary and repulsive old lawyer convinced Stephen Tully, but he did not see fit to yield at once.

"I won't shoulder any debt on the start off, so you may as well drop that out or quit the subject. Burn that batch of papers and give me a clear release as far as Henn is concerned, and I may entertain your proposition."

Without another word Killick began to write the articles of agreement, and ten minutes later the papers over which Tully had hastily glanced were burning in the grate and the signature of Stephen Tully was on the indenture.

"Say nothing about this room to any one; it may be handy for you as well as me—and by the way, your offices being in the next building on the same flat, we can put a door through, and I can keep my old quarters."

"All right," answered Tully, complacently, wiping his moustache after another glass of Kahn's brandy. "fix it as you like. I guess I'll get out through the side door and not go through your office!"

"My dear fellow, no, none of my clerks are aware of the existence of this room, and they would never know how you got out."

"Where the deuce do they think you've gone then, all this time?"

"Discipline, my boy! Discipline! Before I

came in, I turned the card in the door—"Engaged"—and it would be instant dismissal if a clerk ever rapped when that sign is out. Killick held the curtain in his hand, as he spoke, and the light in his eyes declared to Tully that any violation of the secret on his part would be a dangerous experiment.

"I'll keep it dark, my esteemed friend and partner, never fear, but I'd like to know how you manage to get it cleaned up? Do it yourself!"

"Yes, I do," snapped Killick. "Don't be so inquisitive."

Tully was gone, but "Engaged" was still the legend on James Joseph Killick's door. Inside the private office the lawyer sat leaning his head heavily upon his hand. "Now," he muttered, "everything is in my hand! I am near the end of the hunt and another month will tell the tale!"

The wary skin was ashen and the hairy hands trembled as he hastily drank a glass of "Kahn's" brandy, but when he bustled out of his office there was no sign on his ugly face that he had prepared ruin and humiliation for half a score.

Oh, Thou, who keepest our eyes from tears, our souls from fear and our feet from falling, preserve Thou us and those dear to us from such birds of prey!

(To be Continued.)

Got His Reward.

What the actors call the "vengeance of an outraged Heaven" so seldom follows with dramatic promptitude a bad action, that we record a recent authentic instance of the kind with peculiar pleasure.

The other morning an innocent-looking young man came out of the North and South Wales Bank with his hands full of notes. While counting these over his attention was attracted by something passing in the street, and at the same time he dropped a £20 note directly in front of a highly respectable philanthropist who was passing.

The philanthropist promptly put his foot on the note, and stood for a moment plunked in profound thought. Perhaps he was congratulating himself that the young man's treasure had fallen under such honest feet, and perhaps enjoying in prospect that party's gratitude as having his money restored to him.

At all events, he was so much absorbed that when he aroused himself sufficiently to pick up the note the loser had disappeared.

"However," said the thoughtful philanthropist to himself, "he will advertise for it, and—in that case one is sure of the reward."

The next day the usual "Lost" item appeared in the papers, with the very liberal recompense of £10 offered for the return of the balance of the note.

The finder immediately enclosed £10 to the address given, which was simply a P. O. one and then went round telling every one how he had made £10 by doing an honest action. That is, he did until he proceeded to deposit the £20 note, and the bank clerk threw it out as a counterfeit. After that he was observed to rather avoid the subject.

The Correct Tip.

Young gent (attending his first ball, to old stager)—Whatever am I to talk about to my partner?

"About her beauty."

"But suppose she is not good-looking?"

"Then talk about the plain looks of the other ladies."

A Powerful Memory.

Actor—Well, what do you think of my performance of yesterday?

Critic—Magnificent! What I am most surprised at is your memory—precisely the same mistakes as you made ten years ago!

How To Treat a Good Customer.

Clerk—How much am I to charge Herr Spitz for the suit of clothes? Eighty marks?

Tailor—Spitz is a decent fellow; never haggle about the price, and always prompt in his payments. Put him down ninety marks!

"The Sabre of My Sire!"

Some years ago the King of Servia went to Vienna and lost in play at the Noblemen's Club the sum of 200,000 francs. To raise the money he pawned his father's sabre, a splendid scimitar, set with diamonds and other precious stones, a present made by the Emperor Nicholas to his ancestor Milosch. The strangest part of the business is that the sabre has never been redeemed by King Milosch, but is at the present moment in the possession of Herr Bleichroeder, a wealthy banker in Berlin.

Makes Him Unhappy.

It makes the selfish man feel very unhappy to get on an excursion boat, and, after sitting on one chair, putting his feet on two, and his umbrella and stick on two more, to find that there are still several unoccupied chairs which he can't possibly monopolize.

Awful.

A farmer tells a blood-curdling experience. He went to get a tooth pulled out, and wandered by mistake into a lawyer's office. He says that before he got out his teeth were skinned and a mortgage put on his gums.

Touched Him on a Vital Spot.

While a judge was giving his charge to the jury in a burglary case, one of the jurymen faints. His lordship had just said impressively, "Gentlemen of the jury, in arriving at a verdict, you must take the testimony of the witnesses for the defence into consideration, and give them full weight." At the words "and give them full weight" the jurymen swooned away. He was a coal-dealer.

Settled out of Court.

"Well, how is your case going on? You told me the rascal had cheated you out of £1,000."

"Oh, we have settled the business. He has married my daughter."

Saved Rent.

"Mr. Johnson, I hear your house caught fire last week and was burned to the ground," said Tambourine.

"Yes, sir, that's a fact."

"I also understand that you didn't save anything!"

"Oh, yes, I did. Seven days' rent. We've been living with the neighbors for the last week."

It Was Neither.

At an old-fashioned hostelry in London two gentlemen were dining, when a dispute arose as to what a pineapple was. One of the diners insisted that it was a fruit. The other with equal confidence gave it as his opinion that a pineapple was a vegetable. A bet was made, and the friends determined to accept the decision of the waiter, who was called to the table.

"John," asked one of them, "how do you describe a pineapple? Is it a fruit or is it a vegetable?"

The waiter rubbed his hands, placed his head on one side and with a plying smile, replied: "It's neither, gentlemen; a pineapple is a hextra!"

The Way of Writing Modern Romances.

Albert rode with the speed of an arrow to the garden, sprang like the wind from his steed, climbed like a squirrel over the hedge, writhed like a snake through the pines, flew like a hawk to the arbor, crept up to her all

unseen, threw himself passionately at her feet, swore frantically that he would shoot himself, was, however, immediately heard, seated himself in blessed delight at her side, sank on her bosom, swam in a sea of bliss—all this was the work of a second!

True Enough.

Out of every seventeen young men in a quadrille at an evening party, who pretend to be making love to their partners, ten are remarking that the room is very warm, five are observing that the polka is the grandest invention of the age, and two are asking how the next figure commences.

Considerate.

"If you saw the man rifling your trousers," said the policeman, to whom the citizen had complained of being robbed, "why didn't you grapple with him?"

"Well, you see," said the citizen, "I was afraid of waking up my wife, an' she's the greatest coward about burglars you ever saw."

Nothing Interferes With Gas Fixtures.

An official of a gas company was recently in the witness box in court in a case of slander. The slander consisted in calling a man an idiot for selling all his gas shares for fear that electricity would break up all the gas companies.

"Has electricity interfered with the value of your gas shares?" was asked.

"To a slight extent."

"If you were to lose half your patrons would your stock still pay a dividend?"

"Certainly, sir. We would simply increase the bills of the other half to make up the deficit."

Talks Like a Native.

Fond Mamma (showing the baby to visitor)—Sh-h—he's asleep. The little darling. Isn't he the sweetest you ever saw?

Visitor (in awe-struck whisper)—Decidedly. Can he talk?

Fond Mother—Talk? I should think he could talk! Why, he can say "goo" and "ga" and "yow." Picked them up himself, too.

F. MOSSOP, Proprietor.

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## A Drawn Game.

Edgar Allen Johnson was sitting, on a May afternoon, in the private room of his office in Exchange Court, in the city of Liverpool. In the eyes of the commercial world Mr. Johnson was a rich man. In the eyes of his confidential clerk and himself his firm was on the brink of ruin. Nothing short of a miracle could save it, and Edgar knew that the days of miracles were past.

He advanced quickly towards the table and touched a small bell which stood thereon. A clerk entered the room.

"Saunders, a hansom," said Mr. Johnson. "Yes, sir," and the door closed again. Mr. Johnson got into his light overcoat, drew on his gloves in the calm, gentlemanly way in which he did most things, took up his hat and stick, went down stairs, and leisurely entered the hansom, which he directed to a certain house in James Street.

The most prosperous firms sometimes carry on their business in the dingiest of offices, and the firm of Levi, Dorrell and Co., brokers and shipowners, bore this out faithfully. It was a very prosperous firm, and had during the past year made some very lucky speculations. Mr. Johnson, having instructed the caddy to wait, threaded the tortuous maze of passages which led to the sanctuary where Levi and Co. transacted their business and made their piles of gold. He handed his card to the sunny-looking clerk, and, after a minute's delay, was shown into the room where sat the senior partner, Mr. Levi, and his colleague, Mr. Dorrell.

After a few preliminary remarks—in which as his name, calling, and place of business were chiefly concerned, Mr. Johnson did not find it necessary to employ his inventive talent—he proceeded to enter into the particulars of his projected business with Levi and Co. "I have been in the habit of shipping cotton from Alexandria by the vessels of Jones & Co.; but if you, gentlemen, can see your way to make me the necessary advances on cargoes, I propose transferring my business to your firm. At present I have two thousand bales of cotton ready to ship here from Alexandria, for which I want an advance of twenty thousand pounds. This only, of course, on your receipt of the usual bills of lading from Alexandria; and, with a courtesy bow, should you desire to make any inquiries regarding the standing of my firm, etc., I trust that you will find all things satisfactory."

We know your firm well by reputation, Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Levi, "though we have not had the pleasure of knowing you personally until to-day."

"Then," said Mr. Dorrell, "after due inquiries—which in your case, Mr. Johnson, are a mere matter of form—we shall be pleased to make you the required advance on receipt of the formal bills of lading from our agents in Alexandria."

Mr. Johnson bowed gracefully, and took his departure.

That night Mr. Johnson had important business, which detained him in his private office until the small hours of the morning. He was writing, not in his usual rapid and continuous style, but laboriously and haltingly. Had you stood behind his chair for a second, you would have seen that he was carefully copying a signature, which read thus: "Abdul Pineru."

He spared no pains with his work, and it was long after midnight when he leaned back in his chair and inspected the result of his labors with keen scrutiny and critical approval.

Two days later, he received a note from Messrs. Levi & Co., requesting him to call—a request with which he lost no time in complying. The interview was brief, and conceded all he wished. The firm was willing to grant him the advance he required upon the receipt of the duplicate bills of lading from Alexandria, which they now awaited.

Mr. Johnson took his leave, and repaired to his office, where he told one of his clerks, in a preoccupied tone, to address an envelope to Messrs. Levi & Co. He subsequently placed in this envelope the forged bill of lading, and sealed it up. Then he wrote a long gossipy letter to a friend in Alexandria—an easy-going, head-in-the-clouds kind of fellow, who would suspect nothing—and in a post-script asked him, as a special favor, to post the enclosed letter for him in Alexandria on the day when the ship Estrella was cleared. Having dispatched this letter, he strolled along to Castle street, and gave orders at a certain shop where he was not in the habit of dealing for a small iron-bound box, to be made and sent to his rooms with as little delay as possible.

Three weeks later Mr. Johnson was again in Messrs. Levi & Co.'s office. The bills of lading had been received, and all preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged, and the necessary documents as to interest having been duly signed, Mr. Levi drew his cheque-book towards him and signed a cheque for twenty thousand pounds.

The Estrella was signalled in due course, and Messrs. Levi and Co. despatched a clerk to the docks for the ship's papers.

The captain was on deck as the clerk—who, by the way, was named Davis—crossed the gangway.

"Good morning, Captain Marsh," he said, pleasantly.

"Good morning," returned the captain, gruffly. "Had a fine passage?" pursued Davis.

"Middling."

"Rather a heavy cargo this time, haven't you?"

"No, lighter than usual."

"But," said Davis, with an air of surprise, "you have got two thousand bales of cotton on board, from Pineru & Co."

"Haven't a bale of cotton on board," returned the captain.

"What!" said the astonished clerk; "are you sure?"

"Sure? Of course I'm sure," answered the captain, in surly tones. "Who should know, if I don't?"

"Well, I may just go back again," said Davis.

"You'd better," observed Capt. Marsh, grimly; "you'll not find what you're looking for here."

Davis made his way back to his employers' office, and with considerable trepidation informed them of the non arrival of the expected cargo. Dorrell turned pale, and Levi became perfectly green.

A hurried telegram was despatched to the agents in Alexandria; and in the course of a few hours the answer was flashed back:

"No such consignment despatched to you. Some mistake."

In five minutes Mr. Levi was driving furiously up to Exchange Court where, it is needless to say, he did not find Mr. Johnson; nor did he find any one connected with the firm. The door leading to the offices was locked and a card neatly tacked on it, bearing the inscription:

"On the Continent for an indefinite period."

Upon reading this announcement Mr. Levi burst into the next office with such sudden violence that the clerks jumped from their stools in dismay; but he learned, in answer to his almost inarticulate inquiries that the office of Johnson and Co. had been closed for rather more than a week.

Upon arriving in James Street, Mr. Levi was in a state of agonized rage and excitement bawling descriptions. He was a singularly choleric old gentleman, and he threw himself into his chair, flinging his hat upon the ground.

"We've been swindled!" he almost shouted, excitedly. "Swindled!"

land notes, none of which had been passed or changed in Liverpool. The inference was that Mr. Johnson had taken them with him to London with the intention of changing them into gold. It was for this purpose, Mr. Bolton said, that the previously mentioned iron-bound box had been ordered by the thoughtful and accomplished Mr. Johnson—twenty thousand pounds in gold being, as the detective dryly remarked, rather an awkward sum to carry about on the person. It was also ascertained that Mr. Johnson had left his rooms more than a week ago at a late hour in the evening, and that a gentleman answering his description had, on that same evening, taken the night express for London.

"But how," said Mr. Dorrell, "did he get Pineru's signature on a copy?"

"A simple matter," replied the detective. "He had had some small shipping transactions with Pineru and Co. before, which enabled him to possess himself of one or two of their forms of bill of lading. This plot was not hatched in a few days, believe me."

The second! stormed Mr. Levi, with avowed strong and effective adjectives. "I'll trace him, I'll hunt him down, I'll spend every penny I have in the world. Find him, Bolton, and I will make your fortune."

Two men were lounging, one hot August evening, on the verandah of the Fonda Alameda, at Malaga. Both were smoking, and from their conversation they were evidently recent acquaintances.

"Yes," the elder of the two men was saying, with a strong American twang, "I am traveling for pleasure. I've made a pretty tall sum in mining, and I mean to enjoy myself. I intend running pretty well over Europe during the next month. I don't take sudden fancies now, as a rule, I went on, 'but I've taken a fancy to you. I like your sort. What did you say your name was?'"

"I didn't say," answered the other, in clear, high-bred tones, "but my name is Frederick Steyne."

"Thank you. Mine is Kemp—Josiah Washington Kemp—at your service. Here's my card. You are an Englishman, I calculate?"

"Yes. You are an American, I presume?"

"That's so," returned the other, sticking his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat. "Josiah Washington Kemp of New York City, United States. I guess you are traveling for pleasure, too, Mr. Steyne?"

"Well, no," said the person addressed, carefully selecting a fresh cigar; "I am only here on a little matter of business. A relative of mine—an uncle, in fact—died here lately, and left me a small fortune. I thought of starting a business, either here or in Seville."

"You haven't been in England lately, I suppose?" said Mr. Kemp.

"Oh, no," replied the other. "I have not seen England since I left it six years ago. I hadn't the means, even if I had wished to. Besides, I have no longer any interests there."

As he spoke he flicked the ashes from off his cigar and sighed.

"Ah!" said the American.

They talked on indifferent subjects until the clock struck eleven, then they parted for the night.

As the days went on they became fast friends apparently, and the one was rarely seen without the other.

"Look here, Steyne, my boy," said Mr. Kemp one afternoon as they sat in the shady verandah. "I have an idea!"

"Surely—for Mr. Kemp—that is nothing uncommon," observed Mr. Steyne, with a courteous smile.

"I've been thinking," went on Mr. Kemp. "You say you have never seen much of Madrid. Neither have I; and I guess it's an interesting little place. Why shouldn't we take a run up there together: not straight up, but doing all the places of interest on the way?"

"My dear, sir," said Mr. Steyne, blowing a tiny curl of smoke into the air as he spoke, "you have misunderstood me, I fear. The little sum my uncle left me, though a fortune to me, does not admit of such extravagance as you mention. Much as I should enjoy the trip—"

"Pooh!" broke in the other, brusquely, "don't let's have any nonsense. My dear Fred, I've more money than I know what to do with! Let me do the thing—I guess you'll be doing me a favor; it's fast enough traveling alone, and I tell you I don't know when I've felt so drawn to any one before."

"My dear fellow," replied Mr. Steyne, objecting. "I—I really should enjoy it extremely, but you know—"

"Then that's settled," said the American, in brisk tones. "No, I'll take no refusal. We'll start this very day, or to-morrow. We'll have a right royal time."

Mr. Steyne made no further objections. They did start the next day, and they certainly had a royal time. They went from Malaga to Granada, Cordova, Seville, Badajoz, Ciudad Real, and Toledo, and took countless other places en route. They visited the Alhambra by moonlight. They attended bull fights by day and masked balls by night, and they spent money like water. Finally they arrived in Madrid and took up their quarters at the Fonda de Paris, in the Puerta del Sol.

On the second day after their arrival in the Spanish capital, Mr. Kemp, who had been out for some time, entered the cool, marble-tiled apartment, where his traveling companion was stretched upon two chairs, with a cigar between his lips, and a small glass of curacao at his elbow, and said, in accents of pleased surprise:

"Now, isn't this the most fortunate thing? I've just had this—holding out an open letter—sent from Toledo. It's from an old friend of mine—a countryman too—he's been yachting about for the last few months, and is going to put in at Bayonne. He's very anxious I should meet him there, and take a short cruise, and when he hears that we are together he'll be just as pleased to see you; he's a regularly hospitable fellow, and very rich. Let me see now," running his eye over the letter, "we'll have just about time to get up there by the time he arrives. We'll start at once. He says he has some very pretty girls on board, too. Why, Fred, it'll be a considerable bit of fun."

"I hope you will enjoy your cruise, Kemp, my dear fellow," said Mr. Steyne, "but I'm sorry I cannot accompany you. I must really get back to Malaga this week. I was just thinking so when you came in."

"Pooh," returned the other, "a couple of weeks or so won't make much difference. Your business can stand, I guess. We'll give up our rooms to-night and wait in the morning."

"No, really," persisted Mr. Steyne. "I couldn't think of intruding on your friend's little circle. It's very kind of you, Kemp, but, really, I would rather not."

"Oh, bosh! I won't take any denial," said Mr. Kemp, good humoredly. "If you were one here, I bet I wouldn't get you away in a hurry, he went on, with a sly wink. "All the women would fall down and worship that Señor Indies way you have. You're a sad fellow among the ladies, Fred."

But Fred's mind was made up, apparently. Malaga, and not Bayonne, was his destination; and not all the American's persuasions had any effect upon his determination.

"But, hang it all, why not?" said Mr. Kemp in exasperated tones, as he sat astride on a chair, leaning his chin on the back and looking puzzled and mortified.

"Shall I tell you?" said the other, settling himself once more comfortably in his chair and leisurely lighting a fresh cigar. "I think you'll admit that my reasons are very good ones. Have a cigar?"

"No," impatiently. "Well—your reasons?"

Mr. Steyne examined the end of his cigar attentively, and then said, fixing his clear eyes on his companion:

"I am indebted to you for a very enjoyable trip—I think quite the most enjoyable trip I ever had. You have been most generous—princely, indeed. I think I may say I shall never forget you, and should we meet again—"



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which, unhappily, is, I fear, a remote chance—I trust we may renew our—hitherto—very pleasant intercourse."

"Yes—yes, that's all very well," interrupted Mr. Kemp, with a wave of his hand. "But it's not to the point. I want to know why you won't go."

"I'm coming to that," said the other, tranquilly. "Unforeseen accidents sometimes happen. Your friend's yacht, for instance, might take a run over to England—while I was on board. Now, the climate of England doesn't suit me. That is one reason. The other reason is this. I like you—say, I am fond of you—as Mr. Kemp, the American, in Spain—but, in slow, deliberate tones, I don't think I should like you quite so well as Mr. Bolton, the detective—across the frontier!"

For fully a minute there was a dead silence. Mr. Kemp—or rather Mr. Bolton—rose from his chair and moved mechanically to the window. He felt literally stunned and speechless with rage and chagrin—added to the mortifying consciousness of being as completely done as if he had been the veriest novice in his profession.

"You look faint," observed his companion, courteously. "Pray allow me to ring for some brandy. It will be only a small item in Messrs. Levi & Co.'s already—I fear—rather heavy expenses!"

Mr. Bolton felt as if he could cheerfully have strangled the calm, polished, gentlemanly-looking villain, who leaned back in his chair with such easy, unstudied grace, and with that half-mocking smile in his deceptively frank eyes.

"You are a scoundrel, Mr. Johnson!" he gasped, as soon as he could speak—shaken out of all his usual imperturbable self-possession.

Mr. Johnson shrugged his shoulders gently. "Possibly," he answered, with an exasperating smile. "Had I been otherwise, I will conclude that you would not have taken quite such an interest in me. Do have a cigar; you will find them really good. No?" Then he gave a turn outside. You look rather upset."

Mr. Bolton left Madrid within an hour, but he did not join his friend at Bayonne. He still vows he'll get Johnson, but up to now it's "A Drawn Game."

"Is Mr. X—at home?"

"No, sir."

"Could you tell me where he has gone?"

"Well, you see his aunt is dead, and so I expect he'll either be at the funeral—or at the switchback railway!"

**A Light-hearted Mourner.**

**A Scientific Paradox.**

A book on natural history has recently appeared, entitled, *A Few Hours With the Insects*. We can imagine, for instance, how delightful it will be to spend a minute or two in the middle of a swarm of wasps.

**The New Medal.**

Some engravers at Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, have been indulging in a little freak with a number of French ten centime pieces. The head of Napoleon III. has been very cleverly transformed into a counterfeit presentment of the "brav" general with the inscription, "Boulanger L. Empereur." The ground is gilt, the head silver-plated; the neck perforated with a steel-grey sword blade, and a few drops

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**Getting impatient.**

**Clawed Parker (who has been in this position for half an hour)—I whain yo' done settles wiv Mistah Peedles, who's gwine ter be d' pres'dunt, yo'd kintinue d' swimmin' less'n I—Judge.**

of blood recall to memory the Floquet-Boulanger duel. The medals find a ready sale in France, and a large order for them has just been received from Paris.

**He Knew Women.**

"So you're not coming to the school's picnic, Johnny," said Mr. Perkins.

"Yes, I am," said Johnny.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, "your mother said in my presence you could not go."

"Guess you don't know women!" said Johnny, scornfully, "wait till I've asked the fiftieth time."

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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## Lucky Men.

"What a lucky man is So-and-So!" and, from a casual glance, it would appear as if such were really the case. Everything to which he puts his hands turns out successfully. Other men have tried the same thing repeatedly, to all appearance with better prospects of success, yet their efforts have resulted in utter failure. But from the moment So-and-So stands at the helm the ship is headed in a straight line towards the haven of assured success. He is not a genius. There is nothing personally to distinguish him from any other commonplace individual, and yet it is a surety that whatever he undertakes is seldom doomed to failure. "Luck! pure luck," we echo glibly. Luck! indeed! Luck has not the slightest claim to be considered as a factor in his case. Success with him is merely the result of well-directed and sustained effort. He has convictions, and is prepared to stand by them. Without convictions a man is like a ship without a rudder at the mercy of wind and waves. And next to having convictions a man wants the courage to stand by them. So-and-So has both, and leavening these with tact, is successful in all his undertakings. That is all there is in it.

## The Even Temperament.

It matters little that the average possessor of an even temperament seldom or never sets the metropolitan river of England ablaze. The world can well afford to pardon such a shortcoming, as it can equally afford to dispense with most of the incendiaries of genius, and still continue to revolve on its own axis, without any perceptible difficulty. Humanity, in this age of high pressure, has especial need of people blest with an equable temperament. The thermometer of modern life oscillates too much between blood and fever heat, with a decided tendency towards the latter. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that men rejoice in the existence of those whose tendency is to reduce the feverish impulse of humanity to something nearer its normal condition. There is an implied strength in the attitude of the man of calmer nerves which seldom fails to give bystanders the impression of a power in reserve. The lives of such are, as a rule, well ordered. Indecent haste seldom characterizes their movements. Nevertheless, they reach the goal aimed at sooner than more gifted but less provident competitors. Not only do these inspire us with confidence, but our esteem and regard are also theirs. As stated already, the world has little to regret that genius is seldom theirs, for the gift of genius is generally accompanied by extreme irritability. The world esteems a great intellect, or rather the evidence of such, after he who has possessed it has been gathered to his fathers. Humanity admires the work of a Carlyle, but the sons and daughters of Humanity have a consuming desire to stand before such men with a rod, when their repulsive irritability is remembered. The councils of his country may not know him; his seat in the synagogue in all probability is not a prominent one, but the world is always the better for the existence of the even-tempered one.

## Women in Medicine.

One by one the barriers, which prejudice has erected during the past, are falling into desuetude. Not more than one decade ago men would have scouted the advent of women in our business offices.

The tender sex, however, is not satisfied with clerkships only. It has a natural desire to reach the higher branches of work, and in consequence of this the once sacred precincts of medicine have been invaded by the horse, foot and artillery of feminine ambition. The invaders met with a hot, or rather, a most frigid reception at the hands of the faculty. A strong opposition was made against the admission of these feminine disciples of Esculapius, and, long after open opposition was withdrawn, covert persecution has usually been the bitter lot of the feminine candidate for a medical degree. Courage and perseverance are, however, being rewarded, and the lettered legend on the door of the medical woman is not uncommon. Why should it be? If the question of delicacy is raised, the argument is surely in favor of the women doctors; at least so far as the treatment of women is concerned. A favorite argument against women as medical practitioners is their supposed lack of nerve. Never was there a greater cry born of a smaller cause. Take an average man and an average woman, place each in a sick-room, either as patient, nurse, or adviser, and the boasted superiority of the male biped would speedily vanish into thin air. Women, are, perhaps, as a rule less self-reliant than men. But all women do not aspire to medicine. The probability is that the very nature of the profession would scare away all candidates save those who by temperament are naturally most fitted for it. Let us welcome women in this higher branch of work as we have already welcomed her in the lower one, and, depend upon it, she will not prove unfaithful to the trust reposed in her keeping. Let our young women have a fling at medicine by all means, and if the faculty feels restive at the entrance of such into the profession, it may console itself with the fact that for many, many years it has—beyond all other professions—had the greatest number of old women in its ranks.



On Thursday evening of last week I went to the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church to hear the new organ played by Mr. Frederic Archer. There was little in either building or programme to suggest the word church. Opera chairs, sonatas, overtures, selections from operas, and unstinted applause combined to give the entertainment a secular air, which was only relieved by the vocal selections and the appearance of the organ. This same appearance is very imposing, and I have no doubt quite costly, so much so that of the price, stated in the programme as being \$6,000, a considerable proportion must have been spent in the case, which is very handsome. This, however, somewhat impoverished the organ, which is rather sombre in tone and wanting in solo contrasts. It may be that this feeling is heightened by the acoustics of the auditorium, which lack brightness, though materially assisting distinctness.

Mr. Archer is already well-known as an organist here, and his playing on this occasion fully sustained his high reputation. His ingenuity and taste in registration, his facile technical readiness, and his thorough comprehension of the works he performed rendered his share of the programme most delightful. He played a delightful intermezzo by Erganann, and two little numbers by Wely, in the most brilliant and artistic manner, but I did not like either his tempo or his combinations in Sternale Bennett's Barcarolle; the former was too slow, and the latter lacked brightness. The organ generally does not lend itself readily to the exact reproduction of orchestra effects, and this organ perhaps somewhat less so than one would expect, hence the overtures were not as successful as might have been wished. Passages of repeated notes assigned to the violins in the original score, and usually played at a pace that taxes the technical resources of the best instrumentalists, become impossible on the organ, and many effects were lost on this account; in fact, the overtures were valuable rather as curiosities in a building designed for sacred objects than as artistic renditions.

The singing of the large choir was full and prompt in character, but lacked elegance of phrasing. There were no gradations of shading as there should have been, but instead was a most laudable conscientiousness as to time and tune. Mr. Warrington has splendid material in his choir, and will no doubt soon secure more artistic work with Mr. Blakeley's assistance, now that he has a proper instrument. The solos were sung by members of the choir, and were fairly rendered. A pleasing feature of the programme was the singing by Messrs. Taylor, Huestis, Warrington and Coates of Rode's quartette, Remember now thy Creator. This was excellently rendered, but badly articulated. The church was crowded to the doors, and the audience was frequent with its applause, several numbers being redemanded.

On Wednesday of last week, Mr. E. R. Doward gave the first of his monthly services of praise to a large congregation. Mr. Doward had a large and efficient choir on duty, the parts of which are well balanced, and which sang with a fine, clear tone and excellent shading. A fault of its singing is a lack of precision in rounding off and closing phrases. Mr. George Taylor sang Torrington's Abide With Me in splendid style, and Mr. Schuch gave an impressive rendering of Through the Darkness from Rossini's Stabat Mater. Mr. Percy V. Greenwood gave some organ solos in a most musically manner.

On Monday evening the Duff Opera Company opened at the Grand with A Trip to Africa. Splendid costumes, a good chorus, clever principals, good music—though a trifle heavy for comic opera—and fine scenery unite to make a most enjoyable performance—marred, however, by the poor attempt at orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Sheppard is a clever man and a good caterer for public amusement, but he should see that a company as good as the Duff Company had accompaniment in keeping with its excellence and its pretensions.

Miss Bellini as Titania was, of course, the central figure; she sings well, but has a voice rather large than sweet. Miss Rose Leighton as Buccametta, sang so well that I wished she had more to sing. In Miss Agnes Stone, who sang the part of Tessa, I was a little disappointed—she looked so lovely and sang so constantly out of tune. Mr. Hubert Wilke, as Prince Antarsid, was more than satisfactory. A handsome presence, a striking dress and a rich voice well managed, make him one of the best men who have appeared in Toronto. The Miradillo of Mr. Francis Gaillard had just enough of a French accent to make it piquant, an effect which was enhanced by his pleasing singing. The opera has some very fine music in it, but the interest is unevenly distributed, and some of the explanatory work is sung in trio and quartette at a rate that makes it unintelligible. It is, however, happy in having good stirring finales.

The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society gives its concert on Friday, November 2, and has arranged a splendid attraction. On this occasion the Boston Symphony Orchestra Club, an organization composed of first-class instrumentalists, will make its debut in Toronto, and will be assisted by Miss Elsa Clark Cushing, a soprano of high repute, Miss Emily Winant, the foremost American contralto, and Mr. D. M. Babcock, to-day the best basso in America.

On Thursday morning Mr. Clarence V. Lucas of the staff of the Toronto College of Music, was married to Miss Clara Asher, a clever young pianiste. Madame Asher-Lucas will shortly play a concerto in New York with Mr. Van der Stucken's orchestra. METRONOME.



If comic opera is to be judged, as it usually is, from a musical standpoint it will be rightly thought there is little left for me to say on A Trip to Africa, as presented at the Grand Opera House during the week by the J. C. Duff Opera Company. I don't profess to be a dab in music and beg to hand the criticism of such to my confreres whose reflections are jotted down in the second column of this page. Whilst A Trip to Africa is lacking in that sustained hilarity which is such a marked feature in Erminie there is a goodly share of fun in the oddities of Fanfarl Pasha (Mr. Harry Brown) whose amorous desire to add a forty-ninth to his list of wives immensely tickled the fancy of the audience. The Pasha's topical song, But It's Quite a Matter of Taste, caught the gods right heartily, and the occupants of the chairs, too, for that matter, and not until he had responded to three encores would the house permit him to retire. Isn't it funny how a topical song catches the crowd? It (the song, I mean) need not be clever, nor deep, in fact the simpler it is the better are its chances of being appreciated, but true it is that Irving's finest touches fail to provoke one tithe of the enthusiasm which unfailingly rewards the efforts of the successful topical songster. The whole fun of the comedy in this opera centers in the whimsicalities of the Pasha with the balance of the company nowhere.

Next week the boards of the Grand will be held by Miss Maude Banks and her excellent company. Miss Banks will appear as Parthenia in Ingomar, as Pauline in The Lady of Lyons, as Leah in Leah the Forsaken, as Marguerite Elmore in Love's Sacrifice, and probably as Lucretia Borgia.

The air was all a yell, and the stage was all a flame at the Toronto Opera House last Monday evening, when Florence J. Bindley's company opened in Dot, or the Avenger's Oath. The play is a melodrama of the old style, in which the hero and heroine are possessed of superhuman powers, shooters exploded without warning to the serious discomfort of nervous people and the climaxes are frequent and tremendous. The introduction of a pair of savage looking hounds was an exciting feature. The play is composed of the most flimsy material and is little calculated to bring out any talent that may be possessed by any of those presenting it.

H. R. Jacobs' Romany Rye Company will play all next week at the Toronto.

The engagement of Prof. Geo. W. Blish of the Blish School of Elocution, Boston, should crowd Association Hall, Monday evening, to the doors. Since the days of Vandenhoff and Belleau the citizens of Toronto have probably not had an opportunity of hearing such a talented elocutionist. He is pronounced by the press to be one of the most perfect readers in the profession. The programme will embrace selections from the best authors, and is especially calculated to display Prof. Blish's rare elocutionary powers. From the many flattering testimonials the following is selected from the Boston Transcript:—"Prof. Blish can, by his powers of facial expression, intonation and dialect, paint a word picture artistically and with such force as to provoke an audience to laughter one moment and in the next bring tears to their eyes."

## STAGE NOTES.

In his Memories of the Last Fifty Years (the first installment of which appears in the October Scribner's) Lester Wallace pays a manly and discriminating tribute to that great actress and lovely woman, Helen Faucit, who is now Lady Martin. "She was," wrote Wallace, "one of the gentlest and sweetest actresses I ever met. She gave me more encouragement than I had ever received before, and the patience with which she rehearsed was remarkable; and it was through her kindness that I made something of a hit with the audience. I shall always remember her with feelings of the greatest gratitude on that account. She was what I should call one of the most sympathetic actresses that ever walked the English stage. They say her Lady Macbeth was very impressive; I know her Portia was. She not only played the comic portions admirably, but the trial scene was equally well done; gentle and quiet, but majestic and powerful—wonderfully impressive. She was the original Clara Douglas in Bulwer's Money."

Of that wild and wayward genius and extraordinary actor, Gustavus Brooke, whose tragic death at sea is never recalled by old playgoers without emotion, Mr. Wallace says: "I first met Brooke at the theater. He and I dressed in the same room. Off the stage he had a particularly strong brogue. He was a perfectly reckless man, who did not care how his money went or what straits he might be in. He was an Irishman, one of the generous, kind-hearted, whole-souled, John Brougham Irishmen. I would often go into our dressing-room and find that certain very necessary articles of my wardrobe were missing; and one night in particular, I remember, I was playing Modus in The Hunchback, while Brooke was acting Master Walter and Miss Faucit, Julia. I went into the room and found Brooke ready to go on. I had a costume I was particularly fond of, a chocolate-colored, plain, quiet sort of dress, and I missed the tights belonging to it. Brooke asked, 'What is the matter, my dear boy?' 'I cannot dress,' I replied. 'I can't find my tights.' 'Why,' said Brooke, 'I took the liberty to take your tights myself; they're on me. I couldn't find my own.' It was characteristic of Brooke that he would have been quite as willing that I should have taken his and have gone on himself without any. He was one of those reckless, generous creatures who would

give anything he had in the world to me or to anybody else he liked."

Brooke had a most wonderful voice, a voice of tremendous power and, at the same time, of great melody, and with a great deal of variety in it. On one occasion he was acting with Forrest, our American tragedian. He was then a stock actor in one of the English towns in which Forrest was starring, and when someone said to him, "Brooke, look out, here is Forrest coming; he has a voice that will drown anything that has ever heard here!" Brooke replied, "I'll show him something if he tries it with me." Forrest played Othello and Brooke Iago, and in the great scene in the third act, where Othello lays hold of Iago, Forrest put forth the whole of his terrific and tremendous force. The moment he finished Brooke came out with his speech, "Oh grace! Oh, Heaven defend me!" etc., in a manner that almost made the roof shake. It absolutely seemed as if Forrest's voice had been nothing. It astonished Forrest, and it astonished everybody else. I suppose that Brooke had the most powerful lungs, except Salvini's, that were ever given to an actor. Forrest certainly was never more surprised in the course of his professional life, for it was seldom he met with a man whose utterance could compare with his own in volume and strength.

## Wit and Humor.

In order to carve out a fortune one must be sharp. The exact quantity of the lion's share is not stated; but it is all the lion can get.

It is said that no one can arrest the flight of time, but who is there who is not able to stop a minute?

A medical journal tells people "how to catch a cold," but what they want to know is how to prevent a cold from catching them.

When consulting the mirror to ascertain if your toilet is properly made, do not be in too great a hurry. Give it time for reflection.

Very often the man who "boils with indignation" one day simmers with regret the next morning, especially if his wrath be put in cold type.

"Ma," said Bobby, "you told me to count one hundred every time I got angry." "Yes, Bobby," "Well, I've got up to sixty, and I'm gettin' madder all the time."

Jenks—Ha, ha, ha! That's a pretty good story, isn't it, Blinks? Blinks—Very good. Jenks—I told it well, too; didn't I? Blinks—Well, I think my nurse used to tell it better.

Jones (to his wife)—Why is a husband like dough?—He was going to tell her it was because a woman needs him; but she replied: "Because he is hard to get off her hands."

Fair critic—I think that little spot there—(pointing). Artist (alarmed)—Pardon me, but you must not touch the picture! Fair critic—Oh, it doesn't matter; I have got my gloves on!

A young college debater will argue for hours that the pursuit of happiness is better than the realization, and then feel disappointed because his girl refuses for the fourth time to marry him.

He (philosophizing)—Ahl how much unnecessary discord there is in life. Don't you often think so? And yet—Fair pianist—Thank you; yes. (Closes the piano with emphasis.)

"There is no rule without an exception, my son." "Oh, isn't there, pa? A man must always be present while he is being shaved." "My dear hadn't you better send this child to bed. He's too clever!"

Principal Deacon—Now, Bru'der Johnsing, does yo' believe in open or close communyun, sah? Candidate (diplomatically, not knowing deacon's views)—Well, some likes it open an some closed, but fo' me, I say leave it ajar.

We do not hesitate to state that 1888 is something very choice and gr8 for ladies who desire to m8; and, when they meet their proper f8, you bet we don't exagger8 when boldly we assever8 that not a woman will be l8 in seizing on the tempting b8.

A little boy had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" was his auntie's question. "Didn't learn anything." "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do anything. There was a woman wanting to know how to spell cat, and I told her."

They were talking about the rule of the road, and quoting the old doggerel thereabout, when a gentleman from Norfolk remarked that in his part of the country nobody ever passed anybody else, because everyone possessed a better horse than his neighbor.

She had only been married a few weeks, and she was telling her bosom friend how nicely her husband could write. "You should see some of his love-letters," she cooed. "Yes, I know," was the freezing reply; "I've a drawer full of them upstairs." Tableau.

At a smoking concert. Herr Professor—You haf a remargably bowerful voice, my vrent! Basso—Yes. Do you think it will fill St. James' Hall? Herr Professor—Fill St. James' Hall? Ach, my vrent, it will not fill St. James' Hall—it will empty it!

In Japan the people have a queer way of showing their appreciation of fine acting. They throw portions of their clothing on the stage, and after the performance redeem the articles at scaled prices, the money going to the actor or actress who has excited their admiration.

The following incident occurred after a discussion in court between Mr. Justice Kay and a well-known Chancery barrister. Mr. Justice Kay—I can teach you law, Mr. —, but I am afraid I cannot teach you manners. The barrister (pausing)—Er—no my lord, I am afraid not.

"O my friends, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets!" said a lecturer, after a graphic description of a terrible accident that he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience who is always mislaying her glasses.

The language of the parasol is, if you wish to indicate to another that you are indifferent, to let the handle of the machine rest on the shoulder. Again, carry it high above the head, and you say, "I dare every danger;" dropping it to the right, "I fain would lean on your arm;" shut, "I brave everything for you;" carried in the arms, "I love you;" held by the point, "I could beat you;" held like a cane, "I despise you;" to beat the toes with it, "I hate you."

"Ah, Miss Ella, there is a great similarity between you and the ocean." "How so, Mr. Noodle?" "When you are pleased you make me think of a placid summer sea, but when you get provoked there is a reminder of the water's pout, don't you see?" "O yes, quite like; and don't you know, Mr. Noodle, that makes me think of the similarity between you and the seabereeze." "Really! And why so, Miss Ella?" "Because sometimes it is rather free and too fresh to be pleasant."

## His Realm.

Affable Clerk—Can I be mistaken? Isn't this the Mrs. Crozier whom I met so pleasantly at Fire Island, this summer?

His Customer—Why, yes; I'm Mrs. Crozier, and I remember your face; but I thought you told me you were engaged in religious pursuits?

Affable Clerk—This is the nun's veiling department, madam.



## Castle Bacchanal.

For Saturday Night.

There's a castle of ornate design,  
Like a fairy one seen in a dream,  
And it stands on the brink of a stream,  
Like the castles that frown on the Rhine.  
And although it is gorgeous by day  
It is far more resplendent at night,  
When it glows refulgent with light,  
And its guests are as careless as gay,  
And they laugh at the mortals who moan  
As they revel and wassail  
Day and night in the castle  
Of the Baron D'Alcohologne.

To the Baron some graces belong  
And they pledge him with bumper and toast,  
He is such a magnificent host,  
And the foremost in jest and in song.  
And as midnight their voices resound  
In a catch or a rondolette rare,  
Both written to ridicule care,  
For life is a merry-go-round  
Intended for pleasures alone,  
So they revel and wassail  
Day and night in the castle  
Of the Baron D'Alcohologne.

But alas for the Baron's renown  
Some guests have long ceased to be glad,  
And many look satiate or sad  
Whom the Baron rebukes with a frown,  
For to please him each guest must incline  
To the dainties his lordship bestows,  
And if weary he bids him repose  
On the sensual bosom of wine,  
'Tis the sweetest restorative known.  
So they revel and wassail  
Day and night in the castle  
Of the Baron D'Alcohologne.

But mad from the vintage's flow,  
Or faint from the pleasure that falls  
Some throw themselves down from the walls  
To death's turbid river below,  
And the Baron concedes the right  
Says he advocates freedom and ease  
And his guests may depart as they please,  
Such adieu are correct and polite  
As the lives of great Bacchantes have shown,  
Still we'll revel and wassail  
Day and night in the castle  
Of the Baron D'Alcohologne.

But the Baron some day must resign,  
And his castle so famous and gay  
Shall sink into utter decay  
Like the castles that rot on the Rhine.  
And when the last mummer has fled,  
When the hearth is as cold as the stone,  
When owls through the windows have flown,  
Bats brood where the banquets were spread,  
When silence and death claim their own  
No more shall they wassail  
Day and night in the castle  
Of the Baron D'Alcohologne.

TORONTO. R. P. CROOKERDEN.

## The Flight of the Crows.

For Saturday Night.

The autumn afternoon is dying o'er  
The quiet western valley where I lie,  
Beneath the maples on the river shore,  
Where tinted leaves, blue waters, and fair sky  
Environ all, and far above some birds are flying by  
To seek their evening haunts in the breast  
And calm embrace of silence, while they sing  
To dreams to the night, invoking rest  
For busy chirping voice and tired wing—  
And in the hush of sleeping trees their sleeping cradles  
swing.

In forest arms the night will rooost creep,  
Where sombre pines a lullaby intone,  
Where Nature's children curl themselves to sleep,  
And all is still at last, save where alone  
A band of black, belated crows arrive from lands unknown.

Strange sojourn has been theirs since waking day  
Strange sights and cities in their wand'rings blend  
With fields of yellow maize, and leagues away  
With rivers where their sweeping waters wend  
Past velvet banks to rocky shores, in canons bold to end.

O'er what vast lakes that stretch superbly dead,  
'Till lashed to life by storm clouds, have they flown;  
In what wild lands, in laggard flight they led  
Their aerial career unseen, unknown?  
'Till now with twilight come their cries in lonely monotone.

The flapping of their pinions on the air  
Dies in the hush of distance, while they light  
Within the fir tops, weirdly black and bare,  
That stand with giant strength and peerless height,  
To shelter fairy, bird and beast throughout the closing night.

Strange black and princely pirates of the sky—  
Wou'd that your wind-tossed travel I could know—  
Would that my hampered soul could rise as high  
To unrestricted life—where ebb and flow  
Of Nature's pulse would constitute a wiser life below.

Could I but live just here in Freedom's arms,  
A kindly life without a sovereign's care—  
Vain dreams. Day hides with closing wings her charm,  
And all is cradled in repose, save where  
Yon band of black, belated crows still frets the even night air.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

## An Unclaimed Hibernian.

For Saturday Night.

A Johnny Bull, a Scot, and a Pat  
Disputing together, they journeyed east,  
On various subjects the time to beguile,  
Which passed away lively with laugh, joke and smile,  
Discussing of monarchs whose reigns long were done,  
Yet who still were famous for victories won;  
Great Alfred the Saxon, brave Robert the Bruce,  
And Brian the Dane Scourge, their lands did produce.  
Says Paddy to Johnny—"Your favorite king  
Was wiser and better than any you sing;  
However, remember that Alfred your best  
To Ireland came over in brine to invest,  
And copiously drinking by Lirion spring,  
Proved learning to be a most excellent thing."  
Says Basso, exulting—"But Bruce never went  
To a hedge school in Ireland—no time there he spent;  
But he sent o'er an army your Ulster to free,  
Whose turbulent chieftains could never agree.  
His bold brother Edward his blood shed in vain,  
And fighting for Ireland in battle was slain.  
A twinkle of humor from Paddy's eyes shone,  
As answering quickly the patriot Scot:  
'Your king never sat on a turf, I suppose,  
But was better at giving hard knocks to his foes.  
Yet a native Hibernian we've all heard about  
Put the fame of your Robert completely to rout.  
You mind when an exile from Scotland subdued,  
To Erin for shelter he fled unpunished;  
A lesson of patience and courage he learned,  
When low in his bosom his lamp feebly burned.  
Dear pair had o'ercome him; but soon he defied her  
Thro' the noble example of a famed Irish peer."

RAUS RIBB.





There was a young lady of Rio,  
Who tried to play Hummel's Grand Trio,  
But her skill was so scanty  
She played it *adante*,  
Instead of *allegro con brio*.

Wedding bells! How joyously these two words sound upon the ear, and yet, there are occasions when their music is as the saddest of dirges. Such I should imagine would be the effect on those who heard the clashing which celebrated the incoherent marriage of the Princess Letitia to the Duke of Aosta. In good, sober truth it was a well-assorted mixture of youth, old age, and precious stones.

The wedding coronet—the gift of the bridegroom—was a sparkler. No less than fifteen hundred diamonds in it. The outside is set with silver, so as not to interfere with the pure sheen of the stones, and the interior settings are of the finest gold. Taken to pieces the coronet can be made up as a necklace, two bracelets and a smaller diadem.

But the pity of it. Diamonds, I know, are pretty baubles, which, viewed in the light of portable wealth, and as an advertising medium, are much esteemed by actresses and hotel men, but to such an one as the bride of Aosta, there is but scant promise of happiness in the unnatural union of uncle and niece which took place within the walls of the chapel of Saint-Suaire, at Turin.

I am constrained to correct a mistake which is so often made by musical reporters among us. The mistake I allude to is the persevering manner in which well meaning admirers persist in alluding to Mrs. Agnes Thomson as Mrs. Corlett-Thomson. How the latter style of address has obtained for so long a period is one of those wonders which no fellow can find out. Perhaps it is that this charming singer established herself as a favorite amongst lovers of music before her marriage, and her numerous admirers are loth to drop the maiden name by which Mrs. Agnes Thomson was first known to them.

Every well regulated paper has its theory, of course, regarding the Whitechapel tragedies. If SATURDAY NIGHT has not followed suite, it is because it prefers to be the lonely exception which proves the rule. Personally, I have a theory, which I have decided to keep to myself until the murderer is caught. When that happy consummation is arrived at the readers of this column may prepare for the inevitable "I could have told you so," which I, with many others, am prepared to launch upon an unoffending public.

The Malay cook theory may be feasible enough, but I fail to see much force in it. The religious enthusiast who proposes to clear out a score of unfortunates before surrendering to the police, seems to have first place in the affections of the British nation. Candidly speaking the theorists are having an all round field day, touching the individuality of the murderer. Few classes in the community have escaped suspicion. One worthy man—a doctor of course, for you cannot keep a medical man from theorising—says he shall not be surprised if a duchess, or a countess turns out to be the lucky one. Up to date the Salvationists are unconnected in the mind of the faculty with this gruesome affair, and I can only express my heartfelt thanks that no one has advanced the thought that this is only another scheme of despairing Ireland to free herself from the yoke of the hated Sassenach.

If there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, the space betwixt exultation and despair is only equidistant, as the backers of the steeplechaser Trustee found to their cost last Saturday afternoon at the Fall meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club. I must confess that my sympathies were entirely and only with the owner, Dr. Moorhouse, for the chestnut gelding was a beaten horse before he stumbled to his death at the last hurdle. There is some consolation in knowing that death was instantaneous for, to use the words of a well known sporting man, "He never knew wot 'appened 'im." But it is indeed grievous to think that two short seconds should bring a noble animal, instinct with beauty and strength to a broken, neglected carcass fit only to be claimed for the knacker's yard.

This is the century of exhumations. Schubert has only just been "taken up," and now the march of improvements in Rome necessitates the exhumation of the poet Keats, whose tomb is in a little cemetery outside the walls of Rome, beyond the Aventine Hill. An American writer expresses the hope that some admirer of genius will have the remains removed to England. Candidly speaking, I don't, as it seems to me infinitely more in keeping that the ashes of Keats should lie in some quiet resting-place within sight and sound of the Eternal City. Livingstone's body should have reposed in Africa, amidst the scenes of his life-long labors—his niche in Westminster, if you like, but his dust belongs to Africa.

The one exhumation and removal of the departed great which most successfully appeals to sympathy is probably that of the first Napoleon, whose resting-place on the lonely isle of the Atlantic was associated only with captivity, degradation and despair, far removed from the scenes of his former glories. Often has my heart thrilled with a sympathy which maturer years have denied, beside that tomb under the dome of the Invalides, in the bright, merry days of the Second Empire, when the old pensioner gravely smiled at my free school-boy translation of the last request of the great Bonaparte that his ashes might rest amongst the people he had loved so well.

ST. GEORGE.

### In The Pastor's Parlor.

A Chat with Rev. Mr. Stafford, of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church—His Experience with Enquirers.

Don—"Mr. Stafford, I want to know something about the inner life of a pastor, of the people he meets and the work he does apart from what the public see in his Sunday services, which, I presume, forms but a small part of his work. Now, what questions does an enquirer after salvation usually ask?"

Rev. Mr. Stafford—"In my case the people who come to me to converse about the way of a better life are generally burdened with the idea that God sits in unapproachable splendor and something must be done in them which He only can do; that His presence is fenced about with conditions which are very hard to understand; that they cannot realize from Him the help they need till they get under those conditions. My experience amounts to about this: To get men to think of God as waiting to recognize the first desire to do right on their part, when He will receive them on that offer, and that He probably has already done for them all that He can do; that He has been doing for them right up to that point to the utmost of His power, that is, power limited by moral conditions. The desire of a man to do right, of course, means the need of more help from heaven, and my aim is to get him to think that his willingness to do what God wants him to do is an evidence that God has already been working in him, and that he has not got to wait for God to do some wonderful thing. There is a class of morbid people who come to me and think they are very great sinners, they want to go on thinking that, and they want me to argue with them and coax and coax them and tell them they are not so bad. They will try to confuse my reasons urged all along, and yet I must go on coaxing and persuading them that God is willing to save them till it becomes a mere matter of flattering a morbid condition of mind. I am getting more and more to asking men to recognize that health of body has in it some elements of religion. It at least makes a morbid state of mind unlikely, and prevents people from being carried away by morbid notions. It is a part of religion to deal with humanity in every condition, sick or well, but it is not religion that is exhibited in connection with morbid notions."

"Do you find many examples of men who do not grasp the scheme of salvation at all?"

"I think that the very cases I have been trying to describe arise out of a failure to enter upon the scheme of salvation. I say to such men, God's mercy in Christ is a fact to you whether you believe it or not. It has been a fact all your life and nothing is new, no new element comes in by your repentance or faith at all, that is as far as the plan is concerned. The new element comes into you by your giving up your sins. With regard to faith, I don't know exactly what you mean by it. There is no merit in faith. Most men have an idea that their believing something about Christ has a certain merit about it, and on their doing it God will regenerate their hearts by His spirit and make them new, and that He won't do that work until they do believe in Him. Well, that is a very narrow interpretation of scripture."

"What do you think is the first cause of genuine repentance; the impulse which leads a man into a condition of receptivity?"

"I can't tell; men are so different from one another. Sometimes going into extremes of sin, into new forms of sin may cause the thought to arise. For a time he may enjoy a sin to which he has not been accustomed, but in time there comes a shock and he recoils from it. His better self, oppressed and kept down for a time, springs up into life and he sees where he is and sees that he has opened a door of evil by his own act, which he will have great difficulty to pass in future and that very thing sometimes leads a man to seek a reformation of life; calling upon God to help him get by that door. That is the case with thousands of drunkards. I don't believe there are many drunkards but have experienced genuine repentance and sorrow. A man may go home, kick his wife and children out of doors and then spend the next day in bitterness of soul. He has opened a door and cannot shut it. There is no power but God can get him past that door. The boy who has never been into that sin has no trouble. I don't know enough about the inner life of great thieves to know whether any of them—"Old Hutch" for instance—ever feel any remorse when they go into extremes; I don't think they do."

Don—"I was asked a question in conversation with a rough, generous sort of a man, and it was new to me, and I'd like to hear it answered. He said: 'The preachers always tell us that we should love Christ; that we should praise Him, and that our lives should be devoted to Him; that we should constantly think of Him and meet together on every first day of the week to commemorate His death and sacrifice. Now, I can't love Christ particularly. I don't know why I should. If I or any other man had an opportunity to save the world, or to save one or two lives, we would do it. We would expect to be thought of with gratitude if we perished in the attempt; but if we laid down a law that we were to be ever afterwards talked about and praised and sung about, and would punish everybody who didn't, why it would spoil the whole thing.'"

Rev. Mr. Stafford—"That is the conception of Christ merely as a man. He leaves out the love of God in the case entirely. He puts Christ on the level with Joe Davis—a drunken, no-good sort of fellow, who, when the saw-mill in which he worked was in flames, rushed to the rescue of a comrade, breathed the flames and died in the act of trying to save a human life. In one respect he was like Christ. But Joe Davis was only a man. There was no supreme emptying out in that at all; it may have been the inspiration of a moment. Christ was God, and there we rise up into heights we cannot comprehend. 'God was manifest in the flesh' and that God has set his heart upon me and has provided a means whereby my bondage to sin may be broken and I can have strength to rise above myself. Why it fills me with an overmastering sense of gratitude that God should have done so

much for me. I see my weakness, I see I am broken, I can't do anything, my impulses were good but they did not last longer than the morning dew. I cannot brace myself and stand firmly in the path of that which is good but in some way God comes to me and in Christ He gives me hold upon the infinite power whereby I do overcome and am able to pass the open doors of temptation that call me aside and I know there is more in it than a great man's sacrifice. And yet a man may make sacrifices for me, risk his life and lose it and be the subject of pathetic stories, and I would agree with anyone who would say if He, for His coming into the world and going about suffering and doing good until the world's sin could be washed away through Him, had made it the condition that He should be eternally praised for it He would be contemptible if He were only a man. But, further, I don't say that God makes it a condition that we shall eternally praise Him. The church talks about glorifying God and to "glorify God and enjoy Him forever" is said to be the "chief end of man," but we don't rightly conceive what it is to glorify God. Those expressions in the Psalms and in the writings of Paul are not made from God's side; they are made from man's side. Now, my glorifying God is not that He is sitting there in ineffable splendor, and that He commands me to come up and with timbrel and harp join in constant songs of praise. Let me try to comprehend God in His greatness and goodness without opening my mouth in praise, and I can't do it. Let me come with any right feelings of reverence, realizing a sense of the love that He has set upon me, in that through the wonderful atonement of Christ, in some way which I cannot comprehend, He has made it possible for me to be saved, that there is life for me, and that I may attain to the highest type of manliness and goodness—let me realize that if I can without praising God. It is not God that demands that I praise Him. My nature is such that I give Him glory and praise; it is a necessity of my nature. And so what evangelists constantly call a condition of salvation, faith, faith in Jesus, believing Him, is not a condition appointed by God; it is required by our very natures. We cannot conform to a good life without believing in Jesus, that is to say on the Christian plan. I don't mean to say no infidel ever has a good thought. I am more and more convinced that all our efforts to lead men to understand what believing is, are just as unwise as teaching a child ten months old the philosophy of walking. He would never walk in the world if he never walked until he understood what walking was, and a man would never be saved if he didn't believe in Jesus without knowing that he was doing it or without understanding how he did it. There is hardly anyone who doesn't believe now in the sense what the Philippians did. Those who are brought up with religious surroundings do not know anything about the attitude of mind of a heathen. We believe in His goodness, in the atonement, and all that the jailer believed in after Paul said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." But there comes in when we commit our lives to Him a sense of trust never felt before, and instead of saying, 'We believe in Him,' we should say, 'We trust in Him.'

"Now as to an illustration of your general subject. A man came to me once to say that he intended to be a Christian, to join the church, but he must have his glass of beer every day, and he wished me to understand and consent to the fact. I said to him, 'I have never yet taken it upon me to dispense with duties or obligations, but the fact that you want to make it a condition of salvation seems to indicate to me that there is something wrong in your having a glass of beer in connection with the Christian life. If your own conscience feels there is something wrong in it I don't believe you can be a Christian without giving it up entirely.' Now, if he had never said a word to me about it and had taken membership, and a year afterwards I had heard that he took a glass of beer every day, I don't know that I would have thought anything about it, simply because the Bible has never made it a sin to drink a glass of beer—or strychnine, for that matter—if a man can stand it. If a man goes away from his own inward conviction of what is right he is losing himself. My own conviction of right must rule me until I by study or reading discover it to be wrong; but till then I must follow it—there is no escape."

"Here is another illustration. A man came to me late on Saturday night to talk as to the advisability of him as a church member, speculating on the wheat market in Chicago. He gave me his varied experience with the 'ticker,' and how far it had led him down. He had operated there with varied success, and now it had become a matter of conscience whether he should continue it or not. I told him the fact of his coming to me was the very best possible reason why he should never again operate in the wheat market, but if he had gone on making and losing without the thought of there being any impropriety in it, or wanting a pastor's indulgence for it, it would have been a different thing. But when his conscience became awakened I advised him to reform, and he promised me he would let the ticker alone for ever. This is an illustration of a man wanting to bargain with God and have some human priesthood put away a part of the duty which inward conviction prescribes."

"The number of those who believe that no man can do business in the world and yet live up to the principle of the Bible is very numerous. I think they unite a weak conscience with a good many perversions as to what the Bible teaches. I have found in hunting them from their corners that they don't quote the precepts of the Bible correctly and have very little sense of their connection, and they have probably a pretty low moral sense and a pretty high sense of the value of money. They are persuaded that a man should make all the money that he possibly can make, no matter what else he gains or loses. I have no answer for the man who does not understand that money making is not the chief end of his existence."

"What is the result in the mind of the inquirer, does he go away sorrowful?"

"Yes, he goes away and makes money."

"Do you find many professing Christians

have a feeling that they are using dishonest means to get money?"

"I find that in many professing Christians, but I will say it, though there is an idea in the world to the contrary, that there are a great many who do not give their worldly prosperity the first place of all. One man told me that he was offered a thousand dollars for his vote in some legislative body in reference to a railway question. At that moment his business embarrassments were great and a thousand dollars would have relieved him more than five thousand would have done for him at any other time. Another man told me that he watched him when the vote was taken. He turned pale and then red and pale again but voted according to his conscience, not as the thousand dollars wanted him to. That is only one case. I believe there are a great many men in the world—and they may not all be in the church—who set their manhood and that sanctuary of manhood which we call the inmost conviction of right—I'd rather use that than the word conscience, which doesn't mean the same thing to two different people—above everything else and let money go."

"Do you find the majority of inquirers who come to you are impelled by love to God or fear of hell?"

"I don't think a great many persons change their life from evil to good through an awakening love of God; they don't know what it is Love to God is a difficult thing to understand till a person has it."

"Then it is fear mostly—of themselves or some future state?"

"I don't know that I would say that. In the present state of society in Christian countries, there are people, especially children, who are animated by a fear of hell, but I am inclined to think Christian education has so far permeated families and the masses, that nearly everybody recognizes it as the right thing to be a Christian. There is no social loss in being a Christian now. There is no disaster threatening a man's business, and it certainly adds to his influence, social standing and to his friends. I think there is an increase in respectability in a man becoming a Christian. And I am inclined to think that these, in the case of adults, may be the moving causes."

"Those are, one might say, selfish reasons."

"Well, hardly that. They feel that the best type of character is developed in the Christian man. Christianity is not confined to the church, it is like sunlight, it flows over everything. You cannot define it. There is no clear line where Christianity ends and worldliness begins. A good many Methodists would draw the line around the class-meeting and some Baptists would place it at the baptism, but no intelligent Methodist or Baptist would do so."

"Then the lines that are drawn are largely from a rhetorical necessity; that is, that the impression cannot be conveyed to an audience except by drawing a line which is imaginary rather than real."

"I don't think your language expresses my meaning. The line is real, is actual between the church and the world, but in the state of education in the world those in the church and those out of it differ so little that we cannot discern it. We cannot say because a man is out of the church that necessarily he is out of the favor of God, and that because a man is in the church he is necessarily a new man. I think there are a great many good men out of the church, and their fault is in imagining that their piety is entirely independent of the church, whereas it is simply the running over of the influence of Christian example and teaching. Suppose you and I live neighbors for years, you a Christian minister and I an infidel. Our families necessarily affect each other. My children partake of the Christian education you have got and the influence, you as a minister, impart to the community, and the first thing I know one of them will go over and join the church, and on the other hand one of yours may come over to my line. In God's sight there is a definite line of distinction."

"You don't understand that at the judgment day any line that we can understand or draw will be drawn then?"

"I think the line is simply the essential difference between truth and falsehood, right and wrong. That line is a fact now, and there will be no other line on the day of judgment. The righteous will be on the right hand and the wicked on the left."

"It is a line of fact, rather than doctrine?"

"Yes. It is not an arbitrary decision of God at all. It is the difference between truth and falsehood which have always been at variance and always will be. I believe God's whole government is adapted to the necessity of our natures and His conditions, faith, glorifying Him, etc., are simply the necessities of our natures, and as in the case of P. C. 104 a man must keep on the right side of purity and truth for his own sake and not to simply cover up his own mistakes. Shouting 'Move on' to some lingering preacher is not going to make him all right. There is an illustration of the whole thing; a man must be right in himself."

"Do you have many appeals to you as a priest, as it were, from people who are dying and feel the necessity of making a settlement with the minister before they go?"

"I have seen some painfully cowardly things in my life. I may say that where the education of families has been pedit baptist they desire their children to be baptized. If a child a week or ten days old is likely to die they want it to be baptized. That might seem to be in the nature of trying to interpose a priestly function, but as a matter of fact not one of them will tell you they think baptism will save the child. The desire is, I think, born of affection, of a burning thought of 'what more can we do,' the doctor cannot do anything; we can ask the minister to come in and baptize the child. It gratifies their affection."

"It is quite a common experience to have a man who has lived a selfish life, when he becomes ill and the doctor conveys to him the idea that he must die, send for the preacher to pray him into Heaven, and I always feel in such times that the case has gone to the jury, that it is too late for me to do anything for the man. I of course tell him to look to Christ, tell him to think of the Saviour, but I do it invariably with the feeling that the Judge has committed the case to the jury. I think

that man has had the chance of thirty or forty years, and has wilfully neglected it, and now he is acting the coward's part, and is wanting all the advantages of insurance without ever having paid any premiums. Perhaps if the doctor could say to him that the symptoms had so changed that he was going to get better, he might do as certain man did whom I once went to see, walking four miles through a November rain. I had received a most appealing message to come and see him. When I got there a change had come in his disease and the doctor had told him he was going to get well. He had so far recovered from his fright that he did not want me to read any passage of scripture or pray with him or do anything for him. I suppose he was the meanest specimen of humanity I ever met in my life. I don't know what God would do with him if he ever got him to Heaven. And yet he had sent me in the morning a tearful message begging me to come and help him."

DON.

### Under the Syrian Stars.

Dear Bethlehem, the proud repose  
Of conscious worthiness is thine.  
Rest on. The Arab comes and goes,  
But furtherst Saxon holds thy shrine  
More sacred in his stouter Christian hold  
Than England's heaped up iron house of gold.

The story hill is Heaven's stair;  
Thine every stone some storied gem.  
Oh, thou art fair, and very fair,  
Thou holy, holy Bethlehem!  
The very dust more dear than dust of gold  
Against thy glorious sunset-waters rolled.

And here did glean the lowly Ruth!  
Here straddled grandsons, fierce and fair,  
Strode forth in all his kingly youth  
And tore the ravens' she-bear!  
Here Rachel sleeps; here David, thirsting, cried  
For just one drop from yonder trickling tide.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

### 'Varsity Chat.

Sir Daniel (I had almost said Dr. Dan) appeared at the Agricultural Convocation last week, wearing his imperial honors. Unfortunately the lung power available was not equal to the occasion; we have his reception in for him.

By the way, perhaps Sir Daniel did well to accept. We are not yet a county of the United States—attached by a tow-line—but a part of the British Empire and as long as we continue so let us not be ashamed of our poor relations across the sea. Every alderman is not made a knight, and if any man thinks knight-hood to be of no account and conferred for nothing in particular, suppose he put his trust in his equality and make application. Perhaps he'll get it.

Freshmen are content to style themselves J. E. and J. L., but with sophomores it is not so. With a courage born of security these embryonic aristocrats bloom out as J. Edmund and J. Lyndon. First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. The circumference is unimportant in itself to be sure, but still suggestive.

A tendency which shows itself in those so immature must be there by nature and if so it would almost appear that Providence had neglected to consult the stamp orators of century nineteen or Messrs. Libertas, True Worth, etc., concerning man's make-up.

The corridors resound with their wonted tramp. A knot here discusses everything in particular, another there nothing in general, while now and then, like the breeze of Heaven, trips by a sweet girl—freshie. Most of the boys are back; a few familiar faces are missing.

Kenneth McIlwraith is in Scotland.

Mr. Hough, B. A., is said to be studying law somewhere in town.

Mr. S. B. Leacock, '90, will attend Strathroy training school till Christmas.

Mr. E. C. Senkler, B.A., has entered as student the legal firm of Fraser & Reynolds, Brockville. Few men leave college with more well-wishers.

Prof. Ashley was greeted by a large class at his first lecture on Monday. He evidently purposes making things hum in political science. At any rate, his truly student enthusiasm will make itself felt.

NEMO.

### An Involuntary Acquaintance.



This shows Mr. Dainty, one of the four hundred, on his way back from Newport. He had unguardedly asked his seat-mate the name of a wayside station, and the sketch shows the party as the train rolls into New York three hours after.—Judge.

### A Valuable Tree.

Tourist—I should think you would have that tree cut down. It is located in the middle of the street is an extremely awkward one.

Mayor of New Chicago, Kansas—Cut down! Wal, you must be mighty fond of exercise, stranger. Why, the nearest tree is seven miles away.

Tourist—What of that?  
Mayor—What of it, stranger? It's no picnic, ever' time you want to hang a feller, to hafter drag him all that distance, specially if he sorter hangs back. That tree stands, an' when it gets too big for th' street, w'y, we'll move the buildings back!



FIRST OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

## MISSING!

By the Author of "A Bitter Reckoning," "By Crooked Path," Etc.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

It was the afternoon before Molly's wedding-day. All the arrangements were completed, and there was nothing left to fill up the last few hours of her freedom, no occupation to divert her thoughts from the solemnity of the undertaking before her—the binding of herself to a man who had no confidence in her, and whom she in turn mistrusted. She sat by the window in her own room, with her back turned to a row of new trunks and watched the sun setting in a haze of stormy crimson, thinking with an apathetic resignation that before he set again she would be the wife of Brander Tennant, and that they would be many miles on their journey south.

They were going to Paris for the conventional wedding. This route had been of Brander's choosing, and Molly had assented, thinking that in their present state of embarrassment a continual round of sight-seeing and gaiety would be more endurable during their term of enforced idleness than the solitude a *deux* which would have been her choice in happier circumstances. The girl sat there, watching the crimson light stealing over the last scene of her girlhood, wondering, with a hopeless feeling of pain at her heart, if the angry threatening glare was an omen that she was to carry with her into her married life as large a share of sorrow and trouble as she had borne since her father's death had left her, eight long years before, the virtual mistress and caretaker of her lovely but weak-minded mother and her brood of hungry, undisciplined brothers and sisters. Poor, brave, resolute Molly Griffiths was beginning to think that sorrow and trouble had been set down in the book of fate as her lifelong portion, and that nothing that she or any one else could do would remove the burden from her strong, unyielding shoulders. No trouble should crush her so long as Heaven gave her strength to bear it; but yet she knew that this last evil that had fallen upon her, this barrier between Brander and herself, had to some extent broken down her spirit and dispelled her gladness of heart. She was as willing to talk cheerfully and to smile when called upon to do so as she had been, but her gaiety of spirit was not so genuine as of old, her mirth not quite so sincere. While she sat thinking these thoughts to the twittering accompaniment of the thrushes and linnets in the garden below, with a yearning sadness in her eyes as she watched the sun disappear behind the sharp edge of Brynmawr, her lover and her uncle were discussing certain family matters for the last time in the study down-stairs.

"I have not executed any deeds with regard to your occupation of Brynmawr, Brander," said Mr. Tennant, "because I know we are all so thoroughly at one on the matter. But I may as well tell you that after your return I shall look upon myself only as a visitor in the house. I have arranged with Mrs. Jones that I am to have rooms always kept ready for me at Penlwydd. I am having a bathroom built there now and a couple of stalls arranged for Bonnie and Jupiter; so that, if you feel me the least bit in the way at any time, I shall only have to put up a few books and some clean things and drive over to my other home for a month or two."

Brander clasped his uncle's hand as it lay on the table between them, and there was a suspicion of moisture about his eyes as he spoke which showed that his heart was a good deal touched by the generous speech.

"Such an arrangement as that is only what, judging from your conduct to me all through, I might have expected you to make. It is just the finishing touch to the selfishness and consideration you have shown to me as long as I can remember, looking back for more than twenty years. But you can't seriously think that Molly or I would ever allow you to carry it out. Why, Brynmawr wouldn't be Brynmawr, nor home, without your face at the table; so please don't say anything more about it."

"My boy," urged Mr. Tennant tremulously, "all that is very well; but I can't expect that you should miss my face much under the new aspect of affairs. Molly will more than compensate for my occasional absence."

Brander's face colored at the mention of Molly's name.

"Nothing would compensate for it," he said shortly. "Make the Penlwydd arrangements if you will more comfortable in the knowledge that you possess a harbor of refuge in the event of storms; but I hope you will never have occasion to make use of it."

"Just so; that was my idea—a harbor of refuge. And now there is another little disclosure I have to make, Brander. I have to initiate you into the mystery of the Brynmawr cabinet. I ought to have done it weeks and weeks ago. Not that it really matters much; but it has always been a tradition in the family that the secret should be shared by two people, and I have a prejudice in favor of keeping up old traditions. So, as we have a spare quarter of an hour before we go in to tea with Molly, we may as well get the business over at once. I expect we shall get snothered in dust, for the place has not been opened for more than a year. I should not like you to go away, Brander, without knowing all about this crazy in your house, for we never know what the day may bring forth, and all sorts of things may happen before your return. Not that I feel a foreboding, you know," he added jocularly, as he rose to lead the way, "but accidents do occur sometimes."

Mr. Tennant was happier at heart than he had been for some time, for his dearest wish was about to be fulfilled, in spite of Queen Eleanor's prophecy. These young people were to become man and wife after all, though their courtship had been threatened by more dangers than usually fall to the lot of betrothed lovers. He walked across the hall and up the shallow oaken stairs with a nod and a spry step; had been usual with him lately, and Brander, following him, was glad enough to see it. It was a satisfaction to him to feel that his marriage was doing some good somewhere, although he knew it was not quite the best arrangement in the world for his own happiness. In spite of his love for his cousin, he could not be blind to the fact that the continued distaste for his society—a distaste which from its very passiveness seemed the more likely to be permanent. Oddly enough, as Molly's manner had grown cool to him, the warmth of his feeling for her, only temporarily kept in check while he had felt almost certain of her guilt, returned in full force, and he now found himself in the position of one who had lost at and longed for a luscious fruit, but tears the thorns by which it is surrounded. He would have spoken to Molly of their old love for each other, and have gently won her confidence again, but her cold self-possession checked any show of feeling on his part.

In view of this unsatisfactory state of things, he got all the pleasure he could out of Mr. Tennant's delight at the marriage, and said to himself, as he followed his uncle to the south corridor, that no great harm could come of an arrangement which made the happiness of such a good man as Griffiths Tennant.

They paused when they reached the last door in the corridor—the door of Mr. Tennant's dressing-room.

"You remember the story I told you some time ago, Brander, about the Tennant who made up his mind to sell the pearls which we have lost? Well, this was the spot his wife had dragged him to when the servants came in answer to her cries. Isn't it an extraordinary thing that the poor soul should have had the presence of mind, in the midst of all her horror, to shut the door leading to the secret staircase

before she roused the house? It shows how strongly the necessity for keeping the secret was impressed upon the Tennants in those days."

"Let me see," observed Brander thoughtfully, as he recalled the story which he had almost forgotten—"he fell down the staircase and broke his neck, didn't he?"

"Yes; I dare say if the whole truth were known he had taken more wine than he could carry steadily—they drank hard in those days. Yet he could not have been absolutely drunk either, for he had the sense to take off his boots before starting, to avoid waking any one up. They say that the print of his naked feet on the dusty stair showed just how high he had mounted when he missed his footing and fell. There used to be a senseless old legend in the family to the effect that when any good fortune was in store for us his naked foot-prints could be seen on the secret stairs again—a sign that the enemies of the house would come to grief, I suppose. And now for the entrance to this cave of mystery."

They went along to the end wall of the corridor, where, on each side of the long narrow window, was a space rather more than a yard wide of black oak panelling, of a piece with all the rest of the walls at that end of the house. The ornamentation of these panels was somewhat crude and rough, consisting only of a bunch of flowers in half relief in the middle of each space. In the centre of the bunch of flowers in the panel to the left of the window, well hidden between two raised leaves of the carving, and so small as to appear nothing more than a blemish, was a slit something like that in the top of a child's money box.

Requesting Brander's particular attention, Mr. Tennant inserted a flat brass slide into this slit, and, after glancing down the length of the passage, turned it round, the whole bunch of flowers turning with it. As soon as he had loosened the ornament, he took out the brass slide and turned the piece of carved wood. After about three turns it came off bodily, and showed a hole about five inches square in the panel underneath. He put his hand through this hole, and Brander heard the sound of a good-sized bolt being slipped back. Then his uncle pulled the panel opened like a door, and in the recess the young man saw the first two or three of a flight of stone steps leading in a direction away from the window.

"Do you understand the performance so far, Brander?" inquired Mr. Tennant, turning to his nephew.

"Quite, sir."

"Then we will go on to the second act," said the master of Brynmawr, preparing to mount the steps; but, before he had set his foot down on the first, he drew back with a quick gesture of repugnance and surprise. "Brander," he whispered hurriedly, "come and look here!"

Brander did as he was bid. Following the direction of his uncle's glance he looked down, and in the dust on the first step he saw what looked like the dim outline of a man's naked foot! They looked at the next step without speaking. The mark was repeated twice—once with the broad end of the foot facing the maker, the next step upwards, once with it set towards them, as if someone had gone up and come down again. They looked from step to step, as high as they could see from where they stood, and each step bore the impress alternately of a right and left naked foot.

The marks were not very distinct, for fresh dust had accumulated since they were made; but indistinct as they were in outline there was no doubt as to their existence.

"What do they look like, Brander?"

"Like naked footprints, sir."

"Ed—ch—after what I was saying to you just now!"

"Very odd."

They both felt that it was very odd and incomprehensible. The warm crimson glow of the sunset, which poor Molly was watching with such sad forebodings at the western front of the house was lighting up the whole sky, and gave them enough light to see the dark, covered foot-prints quite plainly; but Griffiths Tennant determined to "make assurance doubly sure."

"It's an outrage against tradition to have the foot-prints both ways," he said. "Our gentleman-thief walked up the stairs, but came down on his head."

"His ghost is evidently wiser," observed Brander.

But though they thus joked about the foot-prints, they could not account for them in the least. For the past twenty years old William Evans had been the only man beside Mr. Tennant who had known of the existence of this staircase, and even supposing these marks to have been made before the old man's death, the new coating of dust upon them was almost thick enough to warrant the belief—why in the name of common sense should he have gone up the staircase with naked feet, or why indeed have gone up at all, unknown to his master? Mr. Tennant's curiosity was aroused, and he determined to solve the mystery.

"Fetch my little safety lamp out of my dressing-room, Brander," he said; "we will see if these ghostly steps go any farther than the turn in the staircase where the ancient robber fell."

He pushed the panel back in its place while he waited, though none of the servants were likely to pass that way so late in the day. He heard Brander strike a match, light the lamp, and then the young man came out into the corridor with the lighted lamp in his hand.

"Now," said Griffiths Tennant, half playfully and half in earnest, "the person who first passes over those steps after the ghost has set his mark on them is the one to whom good fortune comes, so you shall lead the way, Brander, with the lamp."

"You forget I don't know the way, sir," returned Brander. "You must go first; so, if luck is to come to any one, it must be to you."

"What two children we are!" said Mr. Tennant, in a tone of good-natured contempt. "Give me the lamp, my boy. Whatever is for my good must be for yours too, so come along and follow me. Pull the panel close and bolt it behind you."

They disappeared through the opening in the wall, and next moment there were no signs in the corridor of their mode of exit.

## CHAPTER XVII.

AND LAST.

Mr. Tennant mounted the steps slowly, counting as he went, until he had reached the thirteenth. Then he spoke over his shoulder to his nephew.

"This is not quite as it should be. Tradition is outraged again; his ghostship never mounts higher than the thirteenth step. You see the stair takes a sharp turn here; the next ten stairs are constructed in the division wall between the back rooms and the corridor on the second floor, and it was at this point the man slipped and fell. Now these foot-prints apparently go on to the top."

So they did, to the very top stair.

"I wonder if we shall find them inside too!" said Mr. Tennant, as he unfastened the oaken bar across the low door at the top and passed through, holding the lamp low down to look at the floor before their entrance disturbed the thick layer of fine feathery dust that covered everything.

Brander followed his uncle, and then looked round him curiously. He was in a room about seven feet square, the ceiling of which was

only about three inches higher than his head. One corner of the apartment was cut off by what appeared to be a solid slanting wall. There was a rough oaken table and one high-backed chair set up against the wall. The floor was rough-looking, the sides of furniture which fact was afterwards explained to Brander as the result of their having to be finished in the room itself, the staircase being too narrow to admit of their passage when complete.

"Very odd," said Mr. Tennant, still intent upon the foot-prints—they lead right across the room to the cupboard! You are looking at the place, Brander; funny little cranny, isn't it? This piece cut off the corner is where the main shaft of the south block of chimneys passes up; that is why it strikes so comfortably warm. It is always well aired and ready for occupation, bar the dust, which finds its way in everywhere. I have heard that he was a refugee of some note up here during the war between Charles and his Parliament, but I can't vouch for the truth of it. I've been told the man was blindfolded when he was brought up and taken down, because he should not be able to betray the secret of the entrance to any one. Not much to see when you're once here, is there? I should like to see the same four or five steps before I go down, though," he added, again taking the lamp from the table and following the marks back to the cupboard.

"Seems as if the person came here, and then went straight back again."

He pulled the cupboard door open as he spoke; and then suddenly Brander heard such a cry of mingled delight and surprise from his uncle's lips that he strode across to his side and took the lamp from his shaking hand. Turning his eyes to where his almost paralysed companion was looking, he saw on the edge of the cupboard shelf what looked like a round flat case. The color he could not distinguish for the covering of dust, but surely the shape and size of the object were the same as those of the one he had put the Brynmawr pearls in on that night in last November!

He turned his eyes inquiringly to his uncle's pale quivering face.

"Look!" gasped Mr. Tennant, for the shock was almost too much for him.

Brander stooped and blew the top coating of dust off the case, thereby creating a blinding haze that filled the whole cupboard; then, picking up the case, he saw the Brynmawr crest on the cover. He opened it, and there they lay, the three great pear-shaped pearls, shining as brightly as they had shone any time since they had been purchased for Queen Nell in Palestine, before she was Queen Nell at all.

Molly was still sitting at her window. All the crimson had faded from the sky now, and a soft bank of feathery gray clouds was slowly spreading over the western horizon. But, though the change made all creation look sad and hopeless, and though she felt its depressing influence creeping into her heart, she sat there and let the spirit of the hour have full sway, from sheer lack of energy to throw it off. It was a rare thing for Molly Griffiths to give way to morbid nonsense of this sort, but when she did have an attack of low spirits, she suffered intensely.

So she sat there now, like one in durance vile, her finely-moulded chin resting upon her hand on the window-sill, her delicate brows drawn together in a slight frown that denoted mental pain, her mouth drooping pathetically, and her eyes, in a morbid yearning, looking upon the darkening landscape before her.

While she sat thus, looking beautiful in her sad reverie, a faint distant sound fell upon her ear.

It was her own name being called—"Molly!"—in Brander's full baritone voice; and yet, as she listened, a swift look of anticipation lighted up her eyes, which were so sorrowful but a moment before.

There was a ring in her lover's voice as he repeated the word "Molly!" which she had not heard from Brander for many weary weeks; she felt that there was happiness in the utterance of her name—that there was joy, love, and no half-hearted, crushed, doubting love either, but a full, outspoken, fearless passion. Then the sound came again, only much nearer this time.

"Molly! Where are you? I want you!"

The girl rose, trembling so that she had to hold on by the window-frame to steady herself. She heard his footsteps rapidly approaching her door, and she knew before she saw him that her deliverance had come. She did not know how to say she knew, but she did. There was to be no more doubt, no more distrust; there was to be no more fencing-bouts with truth; all obstacles were removed from between them, and henceforth there was to be a trust and confidence mutual, perfect, and lasting.

All this she had gathered from the mere intonation of his voice.

"Here! May I come in?"

"She muttered 'Yes' so faintly that she herself was not sure that she had actually uttered it. But his eager ears caught the sound, and the next moment he was inside the room, holding her by both hands, looking into her eyes anxiously, beseechingly, lovingly.

Uncle Griffiths wants you down in his study. He has something to show you. Oh, Molly, my love, my love!"

He encircled her with his arms and kissed her with a passion that was not without a trace of penitence. She yielded herself to his embrace without asking a single question. Then he took her by the hand and said, "Come!"—and she went willingly whither he led her, for she knew that henceforth there was to be peace between them.

"You remember, Molly, how I complained of having been bitterly cold in bed that night, and how I told you of my tormenting dreams—how I was always trying to hide the pearls, and how they would always peep out at me wherever I put them?"

"Yes," said Molly, with her eyes still on the beautiful pearls as they lay in their open case on the study table. She was thinking of how she had looked down at her uncle and Brander in the hall on that night he was speaking of, and of how the studs had seemed to flash a message up at her in some incomprehensible tongue from out of the shadow below.

"Yes, yes, I remember, too, that I told you the story of the south corridor ghost that same night? Well, all these things lead to one conclusion in my mind. I went myself in my sleep that night, under the combined influence of that abominable Mosselle and that ghostly talk about the secret cabinet, and put the studs in the cupboard, where Brander and I have just found them. I must have been the ghost that frightened poor Hewetson so. I thought those foot-prints could not belong to the real ghost, Brander, when they broke through all traditions so outrageously. They were mine, my boy; but they led us on to luck all the same, though, didn't they?"

"The best of luck, Uncle Griffiths," said Molly—"the recovery of 'Queen Nell's Blessing.'"

That evening, as Brander and Molly sat by themselves, closer together than they had sat for some time—in fact, close enough to allow Brander every now and again to touch her hair or her cheek with a tender loving care—Molly found herself impelled to ask some questions. Now that she knew how unfounded her suspicions against Brander had been, she could not forgive herself; and yet there were certain things which had fitted so exactly into her theory of his guilt that she was anxious he should know what had aroused her suspicions against him, and events seemed to have conspired against her.

"Brander," she said abruptly, "I wonder if you will ever really forgive me for having doubted your honesty?"

"I'll begin to think about that, Molly, when I have forgiven myself for doubting yours."

"I wonder," she continued, taking another view of the matter, "what your appearances combined to cheat you as they did me?"

"I don't know about that, sweetheart," he

returned; "but I do know things looked precious queer from my point of view. You see, to begin with, there was my certain knowledge of having placed the studs in the bureau between four and five o'clock in the morning, and your declaration that they were not there between ten and eleven; then, only that morning, I had picked up a letter to you from Tim, deploring the want of a thousand pounds. If you will try to put yourself in my position for a minute, Molly, you will see how awful it looked. The next day, when the servants took place—the day Kenswald was here—I drank a lot of brandy to drown the haunting thought of your guilt."

"There!" exclaimed Molly. "That's how it worked all through, you see. What I took for signs of your guilt were really signs of your horror at what you thought was my guilt."

"Yes," said Brander reflectively; "and I expect it worked the other way about too. Do you remember looking at me in a horrified way when Lady Duquesne was holding forth about her pearls on New Year's night?"

"Yes; I saw you look conscious."

"And, I presume, took it as a sign that I had sold the Brynmawr jewels to her ladyship, and that those were the very pearls in the necklace!"

Molly nodded.

"And all the while my consciousness was entirely on your account. I thought it must be so awful for you to stand there and hear them talked about."

"And so it was, Brander—it was torture. But it was on your account, you know."

"Ah, but I didn't know, Molly! I thought it was on your own."

They sat silent for a while, and then Molly raised her head suddenly.

"Brander, you mustn't think me obstinate; but I still think I had more sound logical reasons for suspecting you than you had against me. Just listen to me, dear. On the very morning after the robbery you went out before breakfast and posted a registered letter, with some show of mystery, since you said nothing about it until the receipt came into my hands. Stop—let me finish! You showed distinct vexation when you found I knew of the letter. I had seen the name on the receipt—'Heffermann' something, and the address, 'Cross street, Haymarket.' The next day, in his talk with Mr. Kenswald, uncle Griffiths mentioned this very man, 'Heffermann of Cross street,' the man you had sent the registered letter to, as a dealer in very rare jewels. Then came a still more convincing piece of evidence. As soon as you heard that uncle Griffiths was going to town to see this Heffermann—after seeking the pearls in the Duquesne necklace—I heard you in the dark behind me in the drawing-room. You rushed out to the stables and sent off a telegram to the dealer, telling him not to disclose any of your past transactions with him. Don't be angry with me for knowing so much; but I was caught in a trap, and couldn't help overhearing. I had run out after you, because I was afraid you were going to do something desperate; and you came back across the stable-yard before I could get out of the way, and made Tom read the message aloud quite close to where I was standing."

"And you thought it was the pearls I referred to in the telegram?"

"What else could I think, Brander? I thought you were afraid Heffermann would betray you to uncle Griffiths. I knew too how badly you wanted the money just then."

"Well," said Brander, springing to his feet, as though he found it impossible to give full expression to his astonishment seated, "I must say that the evidence against me was overwhelming; many a man has been on less than that. Molly, how you could have thought any different than you did. And uncle Griffiths, did he know all this?"

"No, of course not! Do you think I would have been so wicked as to breathe a word of it to any one?"

"Dear old loyal Molly!" he cried, kissing her heartily. "And now to explain away all this wonderful evidence."

"No, don't, Brander—at least, not unless you wish it very much."

"I do wish it very much, dear; there must be no more secrets between us, Molly. I have suffered so much during this period of estrangement that I will risk no more of it. That mysterious registered letter to Heffermann contained some choice comes I picked up in Florence; I was forwarding them to him because, being a dealer in antique works of art himself, I thought he would know the best man to send them to for mounting. They were for you, Molly; and, like a great schoolboy, I didn't want you to know anything about them until I gave them to you—that was why I was vexed at your getting hold of the receipt. The telegram which looked so awfully black against me was about that bill of Brunton's. I had heard that he was beginning to clear off some of his old debts, and hoped there was a chance for me. Heffermann had possession of the bill at that time; and I did not want dear old uncle Griffiths to be worried in the matter, more especially as I was just beginning to hope that I should not have to find the money after all. So, when I heard uncle Griffiths say he was going there, I wired, telling Heffermann to hold his tongue about the bill. But even now, Molly, black as your case was against me, I don't think you have mentioned the worst point of all."

Molly looked up inquiringly as he went on with a still graver air.

"I mean my conduct on the discovery. I felt how guilty I must look in everybody's eyes—everybody's eyes, that is, but yours—you, I thought, knew better; and I was guilty in my own thoughts, for, Molly, I had been sorely tempted to steal the studs the night before. I will make my confession to you now, dear, in the plainest and plainest words I can find, and then we will drop the humiliating subject for ever. When uncle Griffiths left me alone in his dressing room that night, an idea occurred to me that it would be easy enough to take the real pearls away and have good imitations put in their place. No one would be any the wiser, I thought; it would harm no one, and it would save me the worry of having to provide that thousand dollars. It was an awful struggle while it lasted, Molly, and I had a terrible time of it afterwards when I got to my own room—I felt such shame and degradation at the thought of my own weakness. Well, after all that, you can imagine what a shock it was to me when I heard that the pearls were missing. For the first few moments, in my surprise and terror, I half believed that I had really taken them. Can you understand that? I was almost delirious, and lost the power of discerning between what I really had done and what I had only thought of doing. Of course the aberration did not last long, but it lasted long enough to give me every appearance of guilt."

"I remember," said Molly.

Brander leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece, studied his sweetheart's absorbed face in silence for a few moments; then he said, with a wistful humility that was a petition for mercy in itself—

"It has cost me a good deal to tell you this, Molly; but I thought it was better that this unhappy subject should be thoroughly exhausted between us to-night."

She looked up and saw the silent prayer in his eyes.

"You don't imagine that I think any the less of you for it, do you?" she asked. "The greater the temptation, the greater the victory!"—and then she rose and put her arms about his neck and gave him a kiss of peace.

"Uncle," said Brander, turning back after he had said good night for the twentieth time at the door of Mr. Tennant's dressing-room, "you will not forget to wire to Borth to-morrow, as soon as you've got rid of us, telling him we've found the pearls!"

So the new mistress of Brynmawr wore "Queen Nell's Blessing" after all on her wedding-day. The studs were sewed into a piece of heliotrope-colored velvet and worn round her throat. Uncle Griffiths insisted upon it,

though Molly herself declared, with happy tears in her eyes, that she should never care for the pearls as she had cared when she first saw them—they had cost her too much suffering. The foolish young people did not go to Paris for the honeymoon; they went on a tour round the Devonshire coast instead, and never once found a resting-place that was too quiet, nor lived through a day that was too long.

THE END.

## Brudder Wakeup Beezum.

New preacher (on trial)—So you'se come ter say dat I ain't satisfactory, an kaint be yer postle!

Spokesman of committee—Dat am de general werdick, brudder Beezum.

Wy? Ain't my orfodox all right? Oh, yas. Yas indeed.

Ain't my heterodoxy 'cordin' to de scriptures? Sartinly, sash, sartinly.

Ain't d' 'sarmous 'oun' on de par'doy? Jis ez 'oun' ez kin be, brudder Beezum.

Habens! I shouted 'ginst sin an' de sinners? Yas, dat you hab, an' dar's de whar you hurt de feelins' ob some ob de flock.

Habent! Jis egzorted dem to flew frum de raff to cum, 'n' do bettah?

Yas, but dat ain't 'zactly it, brudder Beezum. Well, what's de matter?

Dis hab bin a long hot summer, and a mighty pore watermillen season, brudder Beezum, 'n' de congozation 'cluded dat seein' dat dey wore purty jinn worn ter a frazz'e, dat youse too loud, brudder Beezum, 'tiryly too vorsoferous.

## An Inducer of Athletics.

Tommy—Last year I jumped from here over to the walk.

Willie—Betcher can't do it again.

Tommy—Betcher I can—that is, if th' head master and his ruler was after me. That time me an' th' ruler both jumped at the same time.

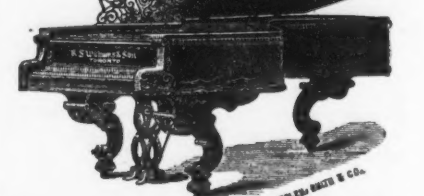
Another Complexion on the Matter.

Polite Conductor—Your fare, madame.

Miss Cossy Cobb (from Stamford)—You'd order see me before I got sun scorched at Aunt Hanner's clam-bake.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

—Hale.



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## WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELTON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Broun's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

## CHAPTER XV.

BELLE AND HAZEL MAKE A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

The Stewarts went down to Brighton on Monday morning, July 1st, as arranged. A carriage was sent for Hazel at nine, and she joined Mrs. Stewart and Belle at the station, a little before the train left.

She was simply yet tastefully dressed in a traveling-suit of dark blue, which set off her clear complexion beautifully, while in manner and bearing she appeared every inch the lady. "I had no idea she was so pretty," was Mrs. Stewart's inward comment, as Hazel greeted her with a bright, animated, yet perfectly respectful "good-morning," her lovely face glowing with health and anticipation. "I believe she is almost as handsome as Helena."

She was rather glad on the whole that Helena was not there, for her elder daughter was secretly inclined to be somewhat envious of the beauty of others, and she feared she might not have approved of this refined and elegant girl, whom people would be more likely to regard as a favored daughter rather than as a governess and companion.

Miss Stewart was still the guest of the duchess, and was to remain at Osterly until her mother should be settled at Brighton, when she would go down with the duchess, who also had an elegant residence at this fashionable resort.

Helena Stewart was a remarkable girl in some respects. She had been a brilliant scholar during the latter years of her school life, and had graduated with high honors from a noted institution in the United States. She was accomplished in music and painting, and could speak three languages besides her own, while she possessed a charm of manner and expression that fascinated every one whom she met. Everybody pronounced her beautiful, delightful, and she was a favorite in society everywhere.

It was a great pity that all this was not genuine; that it was only assumed for the sole purpose of being popular and of conquering all hearts—those of her own as well as those of the sterner sex. There was an air of sweetness and graciousness in her intercourse with every one which made individuals feel that she entertained a special friendship for them—that she experienced a peculiar delight in their companionship. But there was a selfish object in all this; it was assumed for the sole purpose of making life pleasant for herself. It was very delightful to stand high in the opinion of every one; to be petted and fawned by all; to be invited everywhere, to have everybody speak well of her, praising her beauty and charming qualities, and to be the center of attraction in choice circles.

Her grace, the Duchess of Osterly, had been won by her when they met by chance one day in the Vatican, at Rome.

They were both lovers of art, and had stopped to admire the same picture, when Helena had made some remark which showed her thorough appreciation of the work, and to which her grace had responded by a smiling commendation of so intelligent a criticism. This led to further conversation, and Helena, without knowing the rank of her companion, yet recognizing the fact that she was a cultured woman, took pains to shine at her best.

The duchess was charmed with her, and, by a few adroit inquiries, learned that the fair American was an inmate of the same hotel where she also was a guest.

The next morning her grace sent her card to Mrs. Stewart's rooms, requesting the pleasure of her own and her daughter's company on a visit to the Barberini Palace.

Mrs. Stewart was astonished; Helena was delighted at this attention from so distinguished a person. Of course they went, and the result was that the beautiful girl became a protegee of the noble and kind-hearted duchess, who was exceedingly fond of young people, and never so happy as when acting the part of chaperone to them.

She had learned, upon inquiry, that Mrs. Stewart was a wealthy American widow, who had been traveling around for two or three years; that she belonged to a fine old family, and was a woman who would grace any society.

An intimacy sprang up between the two women, and they continued their travels in company; and when Lord Nelson Hartwell, her grace's idolized grandson and the heir presumptive to the dukedom and estates of Osterly, joined them later at Florence, Mrs. Stewart, with a fond mother's ambition, decreed in her heart that Helena should yet wear the strawberry leaves upon her imperial head.

On their return to England the duchess, who every day became more fond of Helena, invited them to spend two months with her, one at her town house during the London season, and the other at Osterly Park.

Such an invitation was, of course, not to be slighted, and four brilliant weeks were spent in England's great capital. Helena was presented at court, where she created quite a sensation, where even the Queen received her with marked graciousness, and lords and nobles rendered her marked homage, although it gradually began to be rumored that Lord Hartwell was likely to secure the prize which so many seemed to covet.

The duchess appeared in no way averse to such an arrangement, and even hinted to Mrs. Stewart that she should be pleased with the union, if the young people themselves were agreed.

After this delightful season in London, they all repaired to Osterly Park, where we first introduced Helena, and where Percy Morton was called to attend her after her mysterious fainting turn in the Rhododendron Walk.

The duchess was to go to Brighton some time in July, and Mrs. Stewart resolved to take a house there if she could find what she wanted, and was very much pleased when she learned she could secure an elegant furnished villa adjoining the duchess's summer home, and thither she repaired, as we have already stated on the first of July.

Hazel found herself very pleasantly located at Crescent Villa, so named from the natural formation of the surrounding grounds, which was caused by the symmetrical inland sweep of the sea at that point.

Three pretty rooms—two bedrooms and a common sitting-room—were allotted to her and Belle. They were on the east side of the house where, every morning, they could catch the first rays of the rising sun and look out upon the boundless ocean.

For the first few days after their arrival, Mrs. Stewart kindly allowed the girls the liberty, and they just revelled in the beauty around them; in the delicious sunshine and the soft cool breezes that were like new wine to them after the confinement, the heat and the dust of the close city.

Hazel gave herself up to it all, with almost the pleasure and abandon of a child. She loved the sea; it was like home to her, and she seemed to live over again the delights of her youth, as she went skimming over the water in the light, pretty boat which had been purchased for Belle's use, she skillfully using the oars while her young companion sat in the stern and tried to learn how to steer.

But being unfamiliar with the locality they got into trouble one day which resulted in quite a romantic adventure.

They had noticed, at some distance from land, a beautiful little island, and both girls had expressed a desire to row over to it and make an exploring expedition.

One morning, supplied with a generous lunch

basket and two interesting books, they started out for this purpose.

They pulled directly for the spot, and had almost reached it when suddenly they were startled by a grating noise beneath their boat, and knew that they were on a rock; the next moment a wave lifted them over it, but only to send them between two rocks where, to their dismay, they found their frail craft wedged in such a manner that it could not be moved either one way or the other.

In vain both Hazel and Belle tried to push off with their oars, but they could not stir it; it seemed as firmly lodged as the rocks themselves.

"What shall we do?" asked Belle, looking dismayed for the moment, "are we in any danger?"

Hazel broke into a merry, musical laugh.

"No, not the slightest, dear," she responded, "only it is very awkward, and it was perhaps careless of me not to have been on the watch for breakers where I am unfamiliar with the ground. I am afraid, however, that we shall have to sit here until the tide comes in."

"How long will that be?" Belle inquired.

"A good while, I fear, for it is only just now going out."

"Mercy, Hazel! then it will be hours!" Belle exclaimed, aghast. "What will mamma think?"

"That is the worst feature of the affair. Mrs. Stewart will be sure to be very anxious about us before we can get home," Hazel returned gravely.

"Well, I am only glad that we have a good full lunch-basket at hand," Belle remarked, with a glance at it, her face reflecting the gravity of her companion's.

Their eyes met in a troubled look for an instant; then both girls broke into a merry peal of laughter.

They were so light hearted and happy; life was so bright to them; the day was one of intoxicating beauty, and it did not matter very much whether they were wedged between two rocks, or skimming gayly over the shimmering water, with that delightful breeze playing about them and with each other for company; only that pretty island look tantalizingly inviting, with its swaying pines, its climbing vines, and beautiful ferns and tangled undergrowth just before them.

Their burst of merriment had scarcely died away when it was repeated close by, but in a rich, manly tone, and it rang out with an amusement and heartiness which betrayed a keen appreciation of the situation.

Both girls turned at the sound, and saw a boatman just rounding the point of the island nearest them.

He was young—about Percy's age, Hazel thought, with a strong, well-knit form, auburn hair, an attractive face, and a pair of merry blue eyes, which just now were twinkling with fun and an intense enjoyment of the ludicrous predicament in which he found the young ladies.

A few vigorous strokes brought him close beside them.

"Your pardon, ladies," he said, resting on his oars, which he clasped with one hand, while with the other he politely lifted the broad-brimmed straw hat from his finely shaped head; "but truly I could not resist having my little laugh at your expense, since, only yesterday, I found myself in the same unfortunate situation, and, my boat being much larger and heavier than yours, I had to possess my soul in patience; I sat here six hours, and awaited the pleasure of the tide."

"Oh! and were all alone?" asked Belle, with the outspoken freedom of girlhood, and thinking the stranger the handsomest young man she had ever seen.

"I was," he returned, with an expressive shrug of his broad shoulders. "I suppose I might have made it a profitable season of meditation and self-examination," he continued, with mock seriousness; "but I am free to confess that I spent the time in berating myself for being such a dunce as to get into so uncomfortable a fix."

"Hazel, I think we must name this place the Dunces' Stool. This gentleman occupied it yesterday, and we, being so stupid, shall have to take our turn to-day," Belle remarked, with a comical grimace that made her companion laugh outright.

The young man colored. "I beg that you will not think that my remarks were intended to reflect upon anyone but myself," he said, "and now let me see what can be done for your relief; but first allow me to introduce myself—I am Charles Harwood, barrister-at-law, from London, and at your service."

"Oh, I reckon I know who you are," Belle remarked, innocently; "you must be the son of Sir Henry Harwood, the great physician. I heard the Duchess of Jersey tell mamma that he had a son who was studying law, though Sir Henry would have preferred him to be a doctor like himself."

"You are right, miss," replied the young man, looking amused at hearing his history thus rehearsed; "I have the honor to be Sir Henry's son, and it has been the chief regret of my life that my tastes ran counter to my father's wishes; but a hickory tree won't bear peaches, so I am cracking away at the hard kernels of the law, instead of dealing out infinitesimal pellets of sugar to relieve the countless ills of suffering humanity. So you know her grace, the Duchess of Jersey, little girl, do you?" he concluded, somewhat surprised by the fact.

"Little girl!" Belle's pretty head went up into the air fully six inches at this slighting disregard of her stature and her teens.

"I do," she briefly returned, and with offended dignity.

Poor Hazel could not contain herself at this, and she gave vent to a merry little laugh, their new acquaintance looked so comically roguish and dismayed over his blunder, while Belle's assumption of hauteur was so hideous, and then she colored crimson as she met the admiring gaze of the young lawyer fixed full upon her. But she quickly recovered herself.

"Mr. Harwood, you have been so kind to introduce yourself; allow me to perform the same ceremony in our own behalf," she said. "This young lady," with a slight stress upon the noun, "is Miss Belle Stewart, while I am her—"

"My friend, Miss Hazel Gay," quickly interposed Belle, who would not be outdone in this ceremony of introduction, but was more anxious that Hazel should not make herself known as her governess and companion, as she felt sure she was about to do.

Mr. Harwood again doffed his hat, bowing with equal politeness to both ladies, although his fine eyes lingered upon Hazel's lovely face, while he repeated her name to himself.

"Hazel Gay," he said. "What a pretty cognomen! But not more so than its fair owner. I think I must cultivate Miss Gay during my sojourn here."

Now that these formalities are concluded, ladies," he added, aloud, "let us attend to business, and see what can be done for your unfortunate situation."

He laid hold on their boat with all his strength, and tried to dislodge it from its position.

It grated roughly against the rocks, but it was so firmly wedged between them that he could not release it.

"I am afraid if I attempt to pull her off I shall do her injury, and she is too pretty a craft to be roughly handled," he said. "I can think of only one thing to do," he added, "and that is to anchor her here until the tide rises and lifts her from the rocks, then return and get

her later in the day. Meanwhile, I will assist you into my boat and take you ashore, if you will allow me to do so."

"Oh, dear! then we shall have to give up going to the island to-day," sighed Belle, with a wistful glance toward the feathery pines that seemed to nod at and beckon them on. We were going there for a little picnic," she added, turning to Mr. Harwood, "and I never can bear to give up anything when my mind is once set upon it."

"None of us like to be disappointed," he replied; then added eagerly, "Let me row you over; I shall be very glad to do so, and then I can show you the best place to land in case you should wish to come again. May I have the pleasure?" and he turned an inquiring glance upon Hazel.

"You are very kind, Mr. Harwood, and we will thankfully accept your offer if it will give you no inconvenience," she responded, feeling sure that there could be no harm in the arrangement, since their escort was so well known and respectable a personage as Sir Henry Harwood's son; for she, too, knew the great physician by reputation.

The gentleman assisted them into his commodious boat, and transferred with great care, at Belle's suggestion, the lunch basket; then he secured their craft with an anchor, which he took from his own, after which he turned his prow toward the island.

Hazel offered to take an oar, affirming that she could be of considerable assistance to him; but he smilingly refused. He had placed her on the seat facing him, for he wanted an opportunity to study her features, which he thought were the sweetest he had ever seen.

Belle assumed the lead in conversation, using her girlish prerogative of asking whatever questions she chose. Among other things she inquired after Sir Henry, whom she had seen and greatly admired when he visited Helena at Osterly.

"I suspect," remarked the young man, when she allowed him the opportunity, "that you are sister to the young lady whose case interested my father so much recently. I remember his speaking of it on his return from Osterly Park."

"Yes, I am," Belle replied. "Helena had a queer kind of fainting turn, and we all thought she was going to die."

"Helena! Miss Helena Stewart," said Mr. Harwood, with sudden interest. I wonder if I did not meet her in London society a couple of months since."

"I think very likely; she went out a great deal while we were in London."

"She is very beautiful, if I am not mistaken as to her identity," the young man remarked.

"Most people think that Helena is handsome, but I don't," replied Belle, with decision.

"Do you not?" Mr. Harwood asked, with gleaming eyes for the girl's frankness greatly amused him. "I suppose you would be very proud of her beauty and of the attention she receives."

"Yes, I know that she is a great belle, and I suppose she is very pretty; but to me she is not beautiful like—(her eyes wandered to Hazel, who was watching the play of the oars and listening, though she was unconscious that she had become the subject of remark)—"like some other people whom I have met," Belle concluded, giving him a significant glance, which he returned with a quiet smile, showing that he understood her and appreciated her taste.

The boat now shot into a little cove off the island, which seemed made purposely for landing, and three minutes later the little party were all ashore.

(To Be Continued.)

## Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

## A Long Time Since They Had Met.



Policeman (to tramp in front of an exchange office)—"What yer bowin' and scarpin' in front of that window for?"  
Tramp (making another Chesterfield bow)—"I'm saluting them bank notes. Old acquaintances. I haven't seen for years.—Texas Siftings."

## An Injured Tone.

(After the accident.) "Poor John," she said, "he must have suffered. Did he ask for me?"  
"Yes, ma'am," replied an attendant at the hospital, "he called for you several times."  
"Did he speak plainly?"  
"Yes, ma'am, but it was in an injured tone of voice."

## How He Explained.

Our Maid—My missis found two fishes in the milk yesterday morning, and she's terrible put out with you.

Our Milkman—That comes from tryin' to be generous. Why gal alive, them was trout I put in out'r compliment. They're wuth a dollar a pound!

## On the Tour.

Mrs. Newtide—Turn around for a side view, Rupert. I'm making a little sketch to send mamma, and want you in the foreground.

Mr. Newtide (with alacrity as he remembers the arrangements for mamma's future abiding place)—Fire away, my dear. It's probably my last chance.

## A Fine Compliment.

Husband—Professor Widehead paid you a very fine compliment after dinner last night, my dear.

Wife—Oh, did he; what did he say?  
Husband—He said that you weren't handsome, but you were one of the most intelligent women he ever met.

Wife—Professor What's-his-name has received his last invitation from me.

## A Fatal Omen.

In the year 1813, when Napoleon I. was staying, from August 21 to 23, at the little town of Lowenberg, in Silesia, he received the information that Austria had entered into an alliance with Prussia and Russia. He was so startled at the news that he dropped on the floor a glass which he held in his hand at the time. They picked it up and found that it was not cracked, but a small piece, engraved with the letter N and the imperial crown, was broken out. The glass is still preserved and shown to visitors at the house in the market-place where he lodged and the accident occurred.

Let no one suppose that by acting a good part through life he will escape scandal. There will be those even who hate him for the very qualities that ought to procure him esteem.

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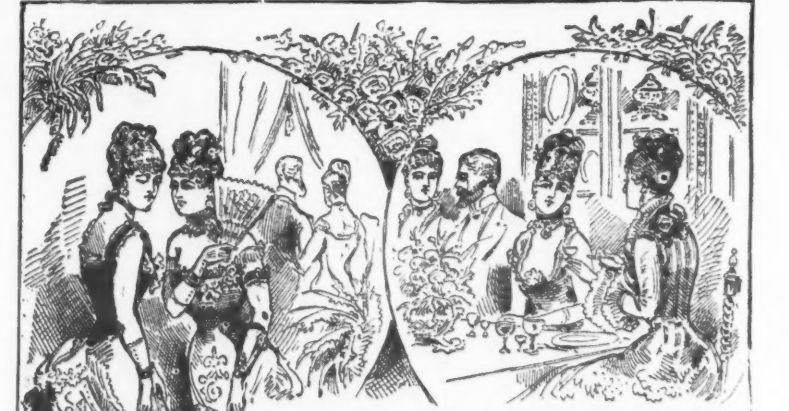
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For removing Tan, Freckles, Blemishes, and imparting Beauty and Freshness to the Complexion, Clearness, Softness and Smoothness to the skin.

Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, 1874.

Mr. Gao, W. LAIRD: I have received and used, with great pleasure and delight, the "BLOOM OF YOUTH," and find it superior to any Cosmetic or Toilet Preparation in Europe. It imparts to the complexion beauty and brilliancy. With many thanks, Yours, with great esteem, SIGNORA RISTORI.

The "BLOOM OF YOUTH" has been in use nearly twenty years, and has been used by over a million of ladies, including the opera singers, actresses and professional ladies generally, and always given the utmost satisfaction. The proprietor could publish a book of testimonials, but secrecy forbids.

This delightful preparation has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health, and declared harmless and in no way injurious to the skin or health.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Elegant small samples now being distributed from house to house



## The Adventures of a Dollar Bill.

For Saturday Night.

I can be truthfully called "filthy lucre," as I am now, patched, mutilated, tainted with the mixture of a thousand odors, and tarnished with the fingers of a thousand hands. I was as new as a hot roll once, and as fresh as the blossoms of a wild convolvulus when the worthy banker made me a present to his ten-year-old daughter as a pretty new bill all for herself to spend. I was eagerly grasped by the sweet, white, tiny hand—I may here mention that I have seldom been loosely handled—but in all my chequered career I have never forgotten the touch of that little hand. I was then exchanged for a book of illustrated nursery rhymes, and I noticed that the child hailed the book with more delight than she did me at first sight. After lying a little while in the till I was handed by the shopkeeper along with three other bills of my own value but not of my particular date, to the clerk as his weekly salary. I was received with a look of welcome, followed by a sigh, as the poor fellow wondered when he should be able to command sufficient income to support the girl of his choice, whom on the morrow he was going to take on a rowing excursion along the borders of the neighboring lake and river.

The setting sun was about two hours high when the clerk with me in his pocket had engaged the boat that was to float him to eternity. Yes, that couple were drowned in a sudden squall that arose, as if God in pity had taken from a harsh, exacting, separating world to a deathless, tearless sphere, where angels and archangels chanted their bridal song in mighty waves of joyful sound across the tinted splendor of the jasper sea.

But what about me? Was I not crumpled in the pocket of a garment that inclosed a drowned and putrefying corpse? Well might I rejoice when the draghook fished the horrid scene to light, and the coroner had ordered the undertaker to bury both. Then a hand that loved to straighten death-cold limbs, straightened me and my three companions with a tender stroke, for what will not an undertaker do, and where will he not put his hand for money?

Through the undertaker's hands I passed to a man of fashion and from thence to the wanton, and I confess I would sooner have rotted with the corpse. Thanks to enterprise and circulation I was soon out of her meshes, for she subscribed me to the missionary society; but I never reached the heathen or the missionary.

Oh, no! the minister found me in his purse one day and was awfully surprised; although I was accounted for in church reports as miscellaneous expenditure. Well, I had a rest for a long time, notwithstanding the divine owed me to a negro who whitewashed his cellar for two dollars; but it was intended that I should settle the bill my own single self. I suppose his reverence wanted to give the negro time for profitable reflection.

When the poor negro got me, instead of two like me, could you blame him for silence at the prayer-meeting that evening? Many of Sol Smith's big-lipped, big-footed, great-hearted and down-trodden brethren missed the hearty hallelujahs and amens that formerly burst from his red-hot giant soul. No wonder that he clenched his lime-stained fists in agony when he prayed that the gentle Jesus would soothe his indignant soul and give the wheat patience to grow with the tares till the blessed harvest home was gathered in.

With many a look and many a squeeze Sol took me to pay his rent, which had to be paid every week, because he was poor and the landlord's flat had gone forth that "niggers should pony up every week or else get the bounce." Sol arrived at the great house of the Devourer, handed me with a polite and humble air—to be received with a snatch of one hand while the other hand squeezed the Devourer's nose with a scented handkerchief. Sol turns away penniless and supperless, and has to go to the shop of a negro, "for no one else will trust his black, honest face, but a negro," and beg a couple of turnips and a few pounds of liver, to keep the bodies and souls of his wife and children together.

From the hands of the Devourer I passed into the pile that made the bishop's salary; and from that pile I was sent, with others, to the wine merchant's counting house. The wine merchant was churchwarden and he gave me to a scissoring-grinder for giving his opinion of the abilities of an organist who was playing on trial for the cathedral appointment. The scissoring-grinder gave me to a gipsy for a collie dog that came into the tinker's possession to be killed for biting a rich man's boy. The gipsy gave me as boot to a farmer with whom he had traded horses; and the farmer parted me for a bottle of Wizard oil to cure his wife of the dropsy and get her out of the notion of running a doctor's bill. I next came into the hands of the poorhouse authorities, and I purchased for them enough tainted meat to feed fifty paupers. The household butcher gave me to his daughter, who invested me in materials to make a fancy monogram for her lover's hat. I then passed to the errand boy in the milliner's shop, who took me to his mother, and the widow's heart leapt for joy as she kissed the beaming boyish face of her only son, in return for the first week's earnings. Mother like, she spent me all on her bright boy; and went with a rich, overflowing heart to pay me for a Bible, "on which the bookseller made fifty per cent. profit"—to be kept and revered by the boy as an everlasting token of her unselfish love. For my part I would sooner have been the means of procuring something for her drooping frame.

Methinks that the book would have been a poor bargain only that a mother's priceless love and saintly touch turned its brazen clamps into transparent gold, its imitation morocco into garnished pearl and its blurred pages into crystal jets of diamond water streaming in eternal beauty from the fount of life. The bookseller gave me for a ticket admitting him to a steamboat excursion, and he chatted on the breezy deck, in company with a minister and an estate agent, on stocks and every other topic but "feed my lamb"—while the poor widow was contriving to pay her rent in the third story of a stuffy tenement house.

The steamboat engineer next had me in his

possession. It was from him I received my delicate odor of tallow and hemp. He was a jolly fellow, and parted with me that he might "set it up for the boys," which transferred me to the saloonkeeper. Must I tell what a time I had of it then?—how I was laid on the card-table, and during one hellish night was alternately in the clutches of four frenzied creatures bearing more resemblance to fiends than men—till finally I found myself stuffed hastily and wildly into the breast-pocket of the winner, and the next instant a pistol bullet ended my career and the gambler's, too!

LEIGH STURGEON.

## Their Idols.

For Saturday Night.

Loudly creaked the shrivelled branches in the old and withered trees. Racked they seemed with pain and anguish when they felt the gathering breeze. Gauntly waved towards the heavens in a feverish unrest. Like a sick man's arms that wildly toss—then sink upon his breast.

Low and sadly moaned the night winds preening the coming storm. Through the chinks the stray gusts sifted round the shivering form. As he watched the black clouds drifting riven ever and anon. By the lightning's quivering flashes that with baleful splendor shone.

As it gleamed upon the treasures in the wretch's trembling hand. Clutched in frenzy ere upon him fell high heaven's dread command. Crashed a thunderbolt and left him charred and burned in ashes cold. While the idol, lay uninjured there, a mass of molten gold.

Died the thunder in the distance, rumbled low along the ground. In another's house that crash had proved the final trumpet sound. That called a dying girl away from earth and all its cares. Where a broken-hearted father watched and hoped against his fears.

Day broke cold upon the cinders where the miser's hut had stood. Kindly shone upon the father in his dark and hopeless mood. Full the will of God revealing in his dealings with mankind. One is taken from his idol, let him learn who's left behind. TORONTO, Oct. 5, 1888. T. A. GIBSON.

## Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

The Quick or the Dead, with Miss Estelle Clayton as Barbara, has been played for a week. Not a critic in town but has had a chance to give vent to unqualified ridicule, unmitigated contempt, and yet the play and its performance are no worse—are better, in fact—than several that for the sake of actors or actresses that have a certain prestige, have been handled with more care. It is said that faint praise is the very ultimate essence of a good damning; but I doubt it, so far as the dear public at large is concerned. Faint praise is so much an unknown quantity—I mean it so wants convincing power one way or the other, that it leaves one's curiosity unsatisfied, and this is a strong motive for much play-going. To expect a play to show in an objective way, to see acted such passion, such purely physical power as is shown in Miss Rivers' book would, to say the least, be cause for respectable people to leave it alone. To idealize all this, to make of the fire heat of the author a sufficiently tepid warmth for a stage love of the ordinary ultra-romantic sort, has proved, and must have proved, a disappointment. The fact is, such a book could not be made into a play, not in our era at least, possibly a Wychery, a Congreve, a Vanbrugh, might have done it; in their time the essence of the book need not have been lost.

Everyone looked for an exhibition of a more or less salacious suggestiveness. They failed to get it. Miss Clayton appeared to much better advantage than I expected. I believe if she had not been advertised so much as a beauty that she would have met with kinder treatment. This seemed to challenge a severer judgment upon her acting. I'm inclined to think it actually prejudiced many against it. If the play had been given another name, if it had been left to the critics and the public to discover its origin, I'm not sure but that it would have drawn out some curious expressions on its subtitle of A Psychological Study. Miss Clayton is paying dearly for experience, even a higher rate than did Mrs. Langtry, who had not nearly as much talent and less beauty when she first exhibited in New York.

The Comedie Francaise of Paris is as great in renown with the French as the Dionysian Festival was with the Greeks. Their greatest triumphs in dramatic literature, in poetry, in the art of acting, have been there. It is a name that means to the French a monument to genius of the highest order. Its boards have been mellowed with the richest tones of their greatest actors, seasoned with the wit, the tragic grandeur of their greatest writers. The Comedie Francaise is the only school of acting in the world that has a continuous and constant reputation for stage art in its best and truest expression. No institution without its peculiar advantages can expect to attain to its perfection. Then it is a stock company made up of the best talent of the country. Genius must pass through its doors—must have its stamp of merit—to pass muster. We have all read of the art of the French theater, but few have had an opportunity to study it at first hand. The coming to this country of the leading comedian of modern France, a man whose name has been for so many years indissolubly associated with the Comedie Francaise, will, of course, excite unusual interest. M. Charles Coquelin has built up a reputation for consummate skill. He has given to the world in a very charming and masterly manner his ideas as to the philosophy of the actor's art. His success has been realized in the characters of the classic French comedy. The genius of Moliere has found in him a capable exponent. He embodies the traditions of several centuries of Gallic drama.

What a rare chance indeed, for us to brush up our French and to learn what acting really means.

This sort of thing comes a little high, for stars are expensive, Coquelin and Madame

Jane Harding, Bernhardt's rival from the Gymnase, together with a complete French company, necessitate a raise of about one hundred per cent. in cost of seats, two dollars and a half for an orchestra chair.

Wallack's is no more! With the death of the last of the line, so far as the theatrical life goes, also passes away the name of the last house to which his name gave special character and reputation. Wallack's has been a part of the drama in New York for many years, the theaters known by that name having moved up town with the growth of the city. It seems a pity, from a sentimental point of view, I suppose, that the last play-house with which Wallack was associated, should not be called after him permanently, in honor of his work and his part in the history of the stage in New York. The French company play the first engagement at Palmer's Theater (late Wallack's).

There seems no limit to new ideas in periodicals. The number of them seems to increase in a direct ratio with population. Some few attain to very great financial or literary success, but the few compensate for the wasted capital and energy of the many. One of the newest ventures here and one that deserves success, for it is original in design and admirable in the way the plan is carried out is called *Current Literature*. It gives a well chosen epitome of those current articles and books that are of special value. The character of its monthly selections is invaluable to the hard-pressed student of contemporary letters, and to people in the country away from the centres of publishing it is simply a treasure trove. Its 374 large pages, each containing as much matter as two ordinary newspaper columns, give one a digest of just those literary matters that we want to know but can't for lack of time.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8, 1888.

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## Toronto Exhibition, 1888

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approached in QUALITY, STYLE or PRICE.



## Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Miss Gildersleeve looked superbly handsome in a gown of white tulle and satin, with veil and orange blossoms. Her bouquet was a magnificent one of white rosebuds. The bride was happy in her choice of four pretty bridesmaids who dressed in cream satin and lace, and carrying bouquets of rosebuds of variegated hues, looked charming indeed. They were Miss Maud Rutherford of Toronto, Miss Mabel Henderson, Miss Kent, and Miss Mabel Gildersleeve, a cousin of the bride. Owing to the recent death of Captain Rivers' sister, there were no guests, except the immediate relatives of the bride, but my readers can well imagine that at the wedding of a popular society woman the edifice would be well filled with friends of the contracting parties, and the Rivers-Gildersleeve wedding, I can assure you, was not an exception to the rule.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. B. B. Smith, with the full choir of the cathedral in attendance.

As the wedding party passed to the altar the well known marriage hymn was sung by the choir, which, during the ceremony, gave a beautiful rendering of the Deus, and as the wedding party left the cathedral Mendelssohn's famous march lent an added interest to the scene.

A reception was afterwards held at the Gildersleeve residence, and amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Gildersleeve, Mr. H. Gildersleeve, Mr. E. Gildersleeve, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, Mrs. McPherson, Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Birmingham, Mrs. and Miss Herkimer, Miss Amy Rutherford, Mrs. Deacon, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Burpee of St. John, N. B., Colonel Cotton and Mrs. Cotton, Captain Drury and Mrs. Drury, Dr. Neilson and Mrs. Neilson, Captain Rutherford of B Battery, Mr. Smith and the Misses Smith, Mr. Strange and Miss Strange, Messrs. Jones, Skinner and Kent.

I have received the following letter which explains itself: It is only fair to the ladies and gentlemen whose taste, skill and indefatigable exertion made the Art Fair so delightful at the time and so charming to remember to let them know the financial result, and how much remains to be applied to the building fund of the proposed picture gallery.

The total receipts were.....\$4,164 47  
Expenses.....3,447 88

Leaving a surplus of.....\$ 716 59

We had hoped to realize much more, and should have done so had the mass of the public realized the attractiveness and beauty of the performances, and attended in greater numbers. Still art for art's sake has its reward in the satisfaction of doing a thing well and in giving pleasure to others, and this satisfaction must be felt to the full by all the large number, nearly three hundred, who took part in the fair and worked with such harmony and good will in carrying it through.

Besides the proceeds of the Fair we have now in the bank belonging to the building fund, \$875; proceeds of Art Fair as above, \$715. Total, \$1,590. About \$2,000 more have been promised, so that nearly one-half of the amount required for the building is available. Besides this the artists, represented by the Royal Canadian Academy, have purchased a site at a cost of \$6,000, of which they have paid \$4,000, and have pledged themselves to contribute the rest.

Having gone so far it should not be difficult in a city like Toronto to raise such further sum as may be required. I am glad to see that an effort is being made to put the Art School upon a stronger foundation and venture to suggest that as our building is to contain rooms for the training of pupils in the higher walks of art, the industrial training more especially contemplated by the directors of the Art School might be advantageously and economically conducted under the same roof.

Mr. James Smith, 31 Adelaide street East, secretary of the Royal Canadian Academy, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the building fund.

L. R. O'BRIEN.



AN AUTUMN NOVELTY—Production of the Artadome, King street east, Toronto.

## Personal.

Mrs. John Shields, Queen's Park, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Bell of Alliston.

Miss Fean of 251 Wilton avenue has returned home after a two months' visit to her friends in Winnipeg and the North-West Territories.

Owing to last week's heavy pressure of advertising matter our Brantford and St. Thomas budget of news was unavoidably crowded out.

Mr. Samuel M. Kennedy, buyer for Messrs. Samson, Kennedy & Co., left last Saturday afternoon for New York to take the North German Lloyd steamer Aller for Europe.

The concert of the McGibbeny family gave unmistakable pleasure to the large audiences which gathered in Association Hall on the first three evenings of the week.

Amongst our visitors this week from the land of brown heath and shaggy wood are Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and Miss Leeson, who are staying at the Rosin House.

Mr. George E. Robins, well and favorably known as secretary of the British American Assurance Company, has resigned that position and left for Chicago to take the management of an insurance company in that city.

The rival Allan and Dominion steamship companies have been well represented in our midst during the week—the former by Mr. Ed. Hartnett of the Parisian, and the latter by Captain Cross of the S. S. Dominion.

I am informed that the reception given to the Masonic Deputy Grand Master on the occasion of his visit to Rehoboth Lodge was a most pleasant affair. After eloquent addresses by Mr. John Ross Robertson and Mr. E. T. Malone, a sumptuous repast was partaken of, and speeches and songs enlivened the proceedings until the company broke up at an early hour on Friday morning. And when they next do meet again may I be there to see.

Those who had the pleasure of listening to the music rendered by the Hungarian Gypsy Band at the Exhibition will gladly learn that arrangements have been made with these talented musicians for a series of musical At Homes during the evenings of next week, at the Permanent Exhibition rooms of Nicholls & Howland, 63 Front street West. The price of admission (25 cents only) and the high-class music offered, ought to insure crowded houses.

A farewell banquet was given to Rev. Father Gavan of St. Mary's parish, in the Power House, last Wednesday night. Dr. McMahon acted as chairman, and was supported in the vice-chair by Rev. Father Hand, who read an address, signed by six hundred parishioners and friends, expressive of their esteem for Father Gavan. The latter was also the recipient of an address from the children of Loreto Abbey.

The congregation of St. Peter's Church on Carlton street tendered a reception to Rev. Cecil Owen on Wednesday evening in the school-house adjoining the church, which was prettily ornamented with flowers for the occasion. Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, the rector of the church, delivered the address of welcome. A very pleasant musical programme was presented, in which Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Beard, Mr. George Darby and Mr. Atkinson took part.

## Musical Criticism.

I have received the following letter: TORONTO, October 8, 1888.

Metronome:

DEAR SIR—Your observations on musical matters have generally been most satisfactory to those who cater for the amusement of the public in a modest way. But I wish to take exception to the disparaging tone used by you regarding the Agramonte concert. Mr. Agramonte is a teacher, whose reputation as such is continental, and who can afford to rest on that reputation, irrespective of the cavilling of local critics, but with the singers it is a different matter. Surely our own people should not be made the subject of a criticism in which there is only too evident a wish to find fault and in which the bitter so much exceeds the sweet, that there are not wanting those who would say that a certain amount of professional jealousy is at the bottom of the opinions paraded. It would be well, I think, that those who sit in such lofty judgment should satisfy themselves and the public that they can do better than those they criticise so flippantly.

ONE OF THE SINGERS.

To all of which I need only answer: first—by asking "One of the Singers" whether Signor Agramonte or his reputation came here to teach? It was the man's work, not his reputation, that I had under notice. Second—A little anecdote will best answer the remainder of this letter. In a certain western city, a journalist was twitted upon his greater pretensions as a critic than as a performer and answered as follows: "In this town there are about three hundred grocers, every one of whom is a thoroughly good judge of an egg, but there ain't a durned one of them can lay such a thing."

METRONOME.

## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

## Births.

MOTLEY—On October 5, at Toronto, Mrs. W. O. Motley—a son.  
BENNESS—On October 7, at Toronto, Mrs. T. B. Benness—a daughter.  
STUART—On October 8, at Toronto, Mrs. W. Stuart—a son.  
TAYLOR—On October 6, at Toronto, Mrs. Andrew J. Taylor—a son.  
ALLAN—On October 6, at Toronto, Mrs. Selby G. Allan—a son.  
MOQUIN—On October 5, at Toronto, Mrs. Arthur Moquin—a son.  
WARREN—On October 4, at Prairie Lodge, Menota, Minn., Mrs. F. B. Warren—a son.  
SPRY—On September 22, at London, Mrs. J. K. Spry—a son.  
GRAYDON—On October 6, at Toronto, Mrs. E. A. Graydon—a daughter.  
SHEARD—On October 5, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles Sheard—a son.  
STAFFORD—On October 2, at Whitby, Mrs. G. A. Stafford—a son.  
MEAD—On October 8, at Niagara, Ont., Mrs. J. B. Mead—a daughter.  
COLEMAN—On October 1, at Montreal, Mrs. James Coleman—a son.  
McPHADEN—On October 1, at Point Fortune, Mrs. John McPhaden—a son.  
WILSON—On October 5, at Montreal, Mrs. Charles Wilson—a daughter.  
WHILLANS—On October 3, at N. Georgetown, Mrs. G. Whillans—a son.  
ELLIS—On October 5, at Elmville, Mrs. William Ellis—a daughter.  
COX—On October 4, at London, Mrs. A. S. Cox—a daughter.  
BRAY—On October 8, at Ottawa, Mrs. S. Bray—of twin sons.  
ZAMMERS—On October 9, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Zammers—a son.

## Marriages.

LIFF—WESTWOOD—On October 3, Wm. Joseph Liff to Eliza Westwood, both of Toronto.

SANDERS—JUKES—On September 27, at Regina, N. W. T., E. C. Sanders to Caroline A. Jukes.  
BURROW—CONNOR—On September 25, at Montreal, A. J. Burrow of Chicago to Lavina Sara Connor of Montreal, Que.  
SHAW—FLEISHER—On October 5, at Deloraine, Charles Shaw to L. uia Fleisher.  
SIMMONS—McKINNON—On October 3, at Hamilton, Thomas Simmons, Jr., to Agnes Campbell McKinnon, both of Guelph.  
COWAN—NORTH—On October 3, William Cowan to Mary Arison North, all of Guelph township.  
TURNER—FLETCHER—On October 3, James C. Turner to Josephine Fletcher.  
RIVERS—GILDERSLEEVE—On October 9, at St. George's Church, Kingston, Captain V. B. Rivers, Regt. C. A., son of the late J. W. B. Rivers, Manager Mohon's Bank, Brookville, to Maud Gertrude, daughter of C. F. Gildersleeve, Kingston.  
IRVING—GORDON—On October 9, at Uxbridge, Ont., Mary Stuart Gordon to William C. Irving of Pembroke, Ont.  
SMITH—NICOL—On October 9, at St. Basil's Church, Charles Smith, youngest son of the late John Smith, to Kate Isabelle, daughter of J. J. Nicol, all of Toronto.  
HOLDGATE—HEADLEY—On September 19, at Milford, Henry Holdgate of Toronto to Bessie B. Headley of Milford, Delaware.  
CARMICHAEL—TAWSE—On October 9, at the residence of A. G. Hallam, Rev. James Carmichael of King to Georgina E. Tawse of Eversley, King.  
BAIRD—McCLAIN—On October 10, at Toronto, James Baird to Helene McClain.  
DEGRUCHY—TUTHILL—On October 10, at St. Matthias' Church, by Rev. R. Harrison, rector, assisted by Rev. C. B. Darling and F. G. Plummer, John DeGruchy to Emma Victoria daughter of John Villiers Tuthill, both of Toronto.  
GARMANY—MACKENZIE—On October 10, at Toronto, Jasper Jewett Garmany of New York to Mary Campbell Mackenzie.  
HARLICK—DIMENT—On October 9, at Oak Grove, Capt. J. D. Harlick of Chicago to Rosa Annie Diment of Clarkson.  
MEWBURN—LABATT—On October 10, at London, Sydney Chilton Mewburn of Hamilton to Mary Labatt of London.  
CUNNINGHAM—BUCHANAN—On September 25, at Norval, John S. Cunningham to Annie Buchanan of Norval.  
SLACKBURN—HARVEY—On October 10, at Toronto, Walter J. Slackburn to Agnes M. Harvey of Rosedale.  
ROUSE—BROUGHALL—At Toronto, Rich. Rouse to Amelia Broughall.  
WALLACE—SMITH—On September 20, A. Wesley Wallace, Collingwood Township, to Janet Smith of Loreo, Ont.  
THOMPSON—DELAPORE—On October 10, at Toronto, Dr. S. G. Thompson to Elizabeth (Lillie) Delaportie.

## Deaths.

DOUGLAS—On October 8, at Humber Bay, Mrs. Geo. O. Douglas, aged 52 years.  
MARTIN—On October 7, at Toronto, Sarah A. Martin.  
WOOD—On October 1, at Burford, Albert S. Wood, aged 38 years.  
ALEEN—On September 10, at Mimico, Sarah Ann Allen, aged 47 years.  
HOZACK—On October 7, at Toronto, Elizabeth Hozack, aged 84 years.  
MCCAUSLAND—On October 6, at Toronto, infant son of Robert and Maud McCausland, aged 10 days.  
MCCAUSLAND—On October 7, at Toronto, James Irwin McCausland, aged 6 years.  
SMITH—At Philadelphia, Alice MacAusland Smith.  
WEST—On October 5, at London, Edith Mary West, aged 1 year.  
TAPSCOTT—On October 4, at Brampton, Rev. Samuel Tapscott, aged 84 years.  
DOYLE—On October 4, at Guelph, Daniel Doyle, aged 44 years.  
LALOR—On October 7, at Orangeville, Richard Lalor, aged 26 years.  
ELLIS—On October 6, at Toronto, Stewart Houghton, aged 11 months.  
JOHNSTON—On October 4, at Grafton, Mary McVane Johnston.  
BARTER—On October 7, at Toronto, Jessie Janet Barter, aged 89 years.  
BRIDGLAND—On October 9, at Bracebridge, Ida Julia Bridgland, aged 13 months.  
KING—On October 9, at Barrie, Fred D. King, aged 26 years.  
DUNWIN—On October 9, at Toronto, Susie Baldwin, aged 25 years.  
CLARK—On October 8, at Toronto, Alan Dues Clark, aged 1 year.  
WADDELL—On October 8, at Toronto, Sarah Cathrine Caddell, aged 28 years.  
CLARRY—On October 7, at Liverpool, Eng., Maggie Clarry.  
FANNER—On October 6, at Cleveland, Ohio, P. W. Fanner.  
BEATY—On October 9, at Chicago, James Spence Beaty, aged 23 years.  
BARWICK—On board Persian Monarch, Edith Furlonge Barwick of Holland Landing.  
FOSTER—On October 10, at Toronto, Charles H. Foster, aged 39 years.  
HURD—On October 7, at Guelph, Mary Hough.  
MERRITT—On September 14, at Sou h Grimsby Elizabeth Alpaugh Merritt, aged 83 years.  
LYONS—On October 10, at Toronto, Frederick Lyons, aged 51 years.  
DANCEY—On October 8, at Colton, wood, Angelina Cherry Dancey, aged 85 years.  
TIGHE—On October 9, Stearne Philip Tighe, aged 7 months and 23 days.  
BRENT—On October 8, at Port Hope, Mary Matilda Brent, aged 80 years.  
SPARRS—On October 8, at Ottawa, Elizabeth Burroughs Sparrs, aged 69 years.  
RICHARD—On October 6, at Ottawa, Marie Blanche Yvonne Richard, aged 2 years.  
GRAY—On October 6, at London, Elizabeth Gray, aged 35 years.  
BROWN—On September 23, at Petrolia, George M. Brown, aged 51 years.  
MACKENZIE—On October 2, at Melbourne, Que., Annabelle Mackenzie, aged 83 years.  
PARSONS—On September 29, at Ottawa, Thomas Parsons, aged 49 years.  
TRACY—On October 4, at Aurora, Dr. W. J. Tracy, aged 29 years.  
BOGERT—On October 5, at Lindsay, Ont., Ann Maria Bogert, aged 79 years.  
COCHRANE—On October 7, at Roseville, N. J., Margaret Jane (Jocelyn) Cochrane.  
STEWART—On October 7, at Cowansville, Que., James W. Stewart, aged 79 years.  
NIXON—On October 6, at Montreal, Robert Nixon, aged 94 years.

## Miss Maud Banks.



Miss Maud Banks, the talented young daughter of the famous Gen. N. B. Banks, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, will appear at the Grand Opera House, commencing next Monday, in a repertoire of classic plays, seems to be carrying Canada by storm. Not since the tour of Mary Anderson have the newspapers exhibited as much enthusiasm over an actress. Probably no lady on the stage to-day is better fitted by birth, education and appearance to succeed in the profession she has chosen than Miss Banks, and unlike the many who dare not surround themselves with people of ability, fearing that the support may overshadow the star, she brings with her an excellent company, headed by Mr. E. J. Buckley, who last season supported Booth and Barrett, and who is an eminent actor. Both from a social and histrionic standpoint her engagement here should be a very successful one.

The following is the repertoire: Monday evening, Ingomar; Tuesday, Leah, the Forsaken; Wednesday, Ingomar; Thursday, Leah, the Forsaken; Friday, Lady of Lyons; Saturday, Love's Sacrifice; Matinee, Saturday, Love's Sacrifice.

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## A Necessary Delay.

Dakota Lady (impatiently)—Aren't you nearly ready for church, my dear? The bell is tolling. Dakota Husband—Dang it all, I can't find my plug of tobacco!

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ONE WEEK, COMMENCING

## Monday, Oct. 15

Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday & Saturday

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This engagement affords all lovers of Elocution an opportunity of hearing the most talented Elocutionist now before the public. The programme will embrace selections from the best authors, and is specially selected to display Prof. Blish's rare elocutionary powers. The press pronounce him one of the most perfect readers in the profession.

Subscription List now open at the Piano Warehouse of A. & S. Nordheimer's, 15 King St. East. Reserved plan for subscribers will be opened October 10th, at 10 a.m.

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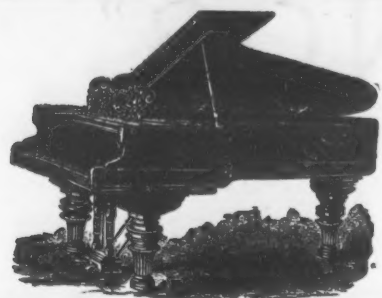
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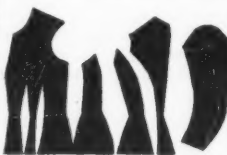
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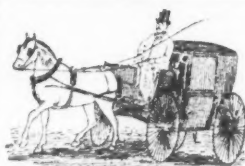
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